

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

NUMBER 630
VOLUME XXI | FOURTEENTH YEAR

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

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| PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

NEW YORK, MAY 19, 1894.

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The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

Published every Week, at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

SATURDAY MAY 19, 1894

The Catalogue Style

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It thinks to excel Bacon but falls below the level of Tupper. Don't you think so too?
It—runs on thus inanely, *ad infinitum*.

AMOS R. WELLS.

Literature

Recent Indian Studies

1. *Wah-kee-nah and her People*. By James C. Strong, Brevet Brig.-Gen., U. S. A. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
2. *The Indian and the Pioneer*. By Rose N. Tanager. Syracuse: C. W. Barden.
3. *Nagualism*. By Daniel G. Brinton. Philadelphia: MacCalla & Co.
4. *Ninth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*. By J. W. Powell, Director. Washington: Government Printing Office.

A NOTABLE CHANGE has affected the popular mind on the subject of our Indian tribes during the last half-century. The feeling of repulsion, amounting almost to horror, which had come down from the times of the early Indian wars, has, after passing through a stage of indifference, been succeeded by a sentiment which may best be described as that of benevolent curiosity. The change has had its origin in two distinct influences, which began in the last century, and have been growing in force until the present day. One of these, and at first the most powerful, was the revived sense of humanity, of which Howard and Wilberforce were among the earliest representatives in England, and which has culminated within

our own times in the abolition of the slave-trade and of slavery. The other influence, small at first, but constantly increasing in strength, was that growing interest in the natural and linguistic sciences, of which the works of Linnæus, Cuvier, the two Humboldts, Darwin and Max Müller may be said to mark the initial and ascending stages. On our side of the Atlantic the personal agents whose efforts were the earliest and most effective in arousing these influences in behalf of our aboriginal tribes were two eminent men of genius, Irving and Cooper, and two less known but equally estimable men of science, Du Ponceau and Gallatin. The irresistible combination of irony and logic with which Irving, in his *Knickerbocker History*, disposed of the common arguments for the extermination of weaker races, has never been surpassed in sarcastic keenness and argumentative force. The chapters, in his "Sketch-Book," on "Traits of Indian Character" and "Philip of Pokanoket" were to the majority of readers on this side a blaze of revelation, and may still be read by doubters with convincing effect. Cooper's romances, if—like those of his "master," as he justly styled Sir Walter Scott—they sometimes cast too bright a glamor around his characters, were yet true enough to nature to correct many false impressions. His "Last of the Mohicans" was to thousands of young readers such an appeal in behalf of one suffering race as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was at a later day in behalf of another. Du Ponceau, the enlightened Franco-American lawyer and successor of Franklin and Jefferson in the Presidency of the American Philosophical Society, was the first to disclose to scholars the surprising intellectual wealth of the American languages; while his colleague in state-*manship* and rival in learning, the Swiss-American Gallatin, was the first to utilize these languages, in his classical "Synopsis of Indian Tribes," for creating the science of American ethnology. As not infrequently happens, a generation passed away before the effects of these influences were fully manifested. The works of these distinguished writers, just indicated, were all published before the year 1840. It was not till after thirty years, when the younger readers and students of their day had become the leaders in politics and science, that the change in public sentiment which has produced such appeals as the late Mrs. Jackson's "Century of Dishonor" and J. P. Dunn's "Massacres of the Mountains," such institutions as the Hampton and Carlisle schools, and such works as those of the Ethnological Bureau, the Peabody Museum and the Brinton Library of American Aboriginal Literature, had become fully developed.

Of the books now under review, the first two belong to the class called forth by the earlier sympathetic influence—that of Irving and Cooper. Gen. Strong's book (1) is in most respects a decidedly praiseworthy representative of this class. Its second title—"The Curious Customs, Traditions and Legends of the North American Indians,"—though correct enough so far as it goes, hardly does justice to the true merits of its contents. The work is not merely what its title claims, but is something better. It is a strong and forcible appeal for justice in behalf of his much-abused and much-suffering Indian friends, and will make an excellent companion volume for Mrs. Jackson's well-known book just alluded to. If it is inferior in literary excellence, it has an advantage in the much wider personal experience of the author, extending over a long lifetime in various parts of the United States. We learn incidentally that he lived many years near the Iroquois of New York; but his principal experiences have been with the tribes of the Oregon region. His knowledge of the Iroquois tribes was apparently gained in his youth, before Mr. L. H. Morgan's admirable history of their League appeared, and his account of their remarkable

confederacy is in many respects defective and erroneous; but what he writes about the Oregon Indians is in general both trustworthy and highly attractive. The chapter relating to Wah-kee-nah, the Yakima chief's daughter, to whom he owed his life in highly romantic circumstances, and whose portrait ornaments the book, is one of the most interesting revelations of natural nobility that have ever appeared, and should alone make the work, despite of some faults of style, an acceptable addition to any library. Wah-kee-nah herself well deserves to take rank with Pocahontas among the most noteworthy and winning characters of Indian biography.

Miss Yawger's book (2) is mainly a compilation relating to the Iroquois tribes of western New York, and to the early settlers of that region. It must be said to be more creditable to the heart than to the literary talents of its author. The contents have, however, the merit of being drawn from the most part from authentic sources, and particularly from the writings of Morgan, Stone, Col. J.S. Clark, the Rev. Drs. Hawley and Beauchamp, and the reports of the early French missionaries, including Chaumonot and Jogues, whom the author (or her printer) persists in styling Father Joques. The book is chiefly interesting as an evidence of the present state of feeling towards the Indians which prevails in portions of the country—the western parts of New York and Pennsylvania—where the effects of Indian ravages were felt most severely during the Revolutionary War. It is evident that the natural exasperation which was then aroused has not only passed out of memory, but that a genuine sympathy with the fruitless struggles of the natives to preserve their lands and their freedom has taken its place.

In turning to Dr. Brinton's essay on "Nagualism" (3)—which is further entitled "A Study in Native American Folk-Lore and History,"—we pass, as might be expected, into the region of pure science, where any sympathy that is awakened is such as may be called forth by the statement of cold facts and logical deductions. In seeking the etymology of this word, the author comes to the conclusion that it is derived from a root *na*, meaning "to know," of which there are many traces in the three leading linguistic stocks of Mexico and Central America, the Nahuatl (or Mexican), the Zapotec and the Maya. But he is inclined to believe that in the Mexican and Maya languages these traces all come from the Zapotec radical. "Nagual means knowledge, especially mystic knowledge, the Gnosis, the knowledge of the hidden and secret things of nature; easily confounded in uncultivated minds with sorcery and magic." But after the Spanish conquest, the Nagual superstition took a much wider scope, and became an organized polity, still existing, and occasionally displaying a terrible and unexpected power. As the author writes, in his forcible style:—"The conclusion to which this study of Nagualism leads us is, that it was not merely the belief in a personal guardian spirit, as some have asserted; not merely a survival of fragments of the ancient heathenism, more or less diluted by Christian teachings, as others have maintained; but that, above and beyond these, it was a powerful secret organization, extending over a wide area, including members of different languages and varying culture, bound together by mystic rites, by necromantic powers and occult doctrines; but more than all, by one intense emotion—hatred of the whites,—and by one unalterable purpose, that of their destruction, and with them the annihilation of the government and religion which they had introduced." In this remarkable discovery, to which Dr. Brinton's perspicacious research has led him, there is not, if we reflect, anything really surprising. The New World merely repeats the experience of older countries, of Ireland and Italy, of Persia and China. Wherever there are oppressed races, classes, or religions, there will be secret, oath-bound conspiracies against the oppressors. Such conspiracies are rarely successful, but they are always a source of danger and of political weakness, which wise rulers will seek to extirpate, not by increased oppression, but by enlarged freedom.

We have left but little space for noticing the important contributions to our knowledge of American aboriginal

tribes contained in the latest annual volume of the Bureau of Ethnology (4). The greater part of this volume, filling nearly 450 pages, comprises the elaborate report on the "Ethnological Results of the Point Barrow Expedition," by Mr. John Murdoch. Point Barrow is the name given by geographers to the most northerly district of Alaska, jutting into the Arctic Ocean at the promontory where the coast turns to descend toward Bering Strait. This district offers a favorable opportunity for the study of Eskimo social characteristics and customs. Mr. Murdoch, in his capacity of naturalist in the International Polar Expedition of 1881-83, availed himself of this opportunity with exemplary diligence and success. To his own extensive observations and collections he has added much information derived from the study of earlier authorities relating to all the septs of this remarkable race, from Greenland to north-eastern Asia, and has thus been able to present a complete monograph on the subject, surpassing in fullness and accuracy any description that has yet appeared. The only deficiency of any importance seems to be in the account of their religious beliefs, rites and legends, for which subjects his means of acquisition were evidently not so fortunate as those of which Dr. Boas has made good use in the Sixth Annual Report of the Bureau. The two reports should be read together, and will leave hardly anything further to be desired in regard to the ethnology of this most interesting and extraordinary people—a people, as Mr. Murdoch describes them, entirely without government, independent and brave, yet naturally peaceable and fairly honest. Capt. John G. Bourke's account of the "Medicine-Men of the Apache," which fills the remainder of the volume, gives much curious information concerning the methods and appliances of these Indian "shamans." The information is happily illustrated, not only by pictures, but by comparisons with similar customs and arts in different regions of the earth, such as the author's extended observations and studies enable him to furnish, with great advantage to those of his readers who are pursuing similar inquiries. The result is a new confirmation, if any were needed, of the cardinal scientific doctrine of the unity of the human race.

Dante Literature

1. *La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri. Riveduta nel Testo e Commentata da G. A. Scartazzini. Edizione Minore. B. Westermann.* 2. *Twelfth Annual Report of the Dante Society, 1893. Cambridge, Mass.* 3. *A Companion to Dante. From the German of G. A. Scartazzini, by Arthur John Butler. Macmillan & Co.* 4. *Dante's Inferno. A Commentary by Denton J. Snyder. Chicago: Sigma Pub. Co.* 5. *The Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Rendered into English by Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart. London: Elliot Stock.*

SCARTAZZINI'S Edizione Minore (1) is without question the most practicable edition of the "Divina Commedia" that the student can procure. It is something other than an extract from the voluminous Leipzig edition. The text of that larger edition has been revised so that this may be received as Scartazzini's definitive text, and the notes have been much condensed, the result being that, to use the author's own words, this edition is the "quintessence of the Leipzig commentary." Those who have neither the time nor the money for the four large volumes of the latter edition, nor patience to read the controversial notes therein, will find this tasteful and low-priced book all that they could desire in the way of a good working copy of the "Divine Comedy." We may add that Scartazzini promises in the preface to add shortly a small supplementary volume, in introduction to the life and works of Dante, under the title of "Dantologia." As the work is announced to appear among the *Manuali Hoepli*, we presume that it will be a revision of the author's former volumes, "Vita" and "Opere" "di Dante," which were published in 1883. The great number of books and magazine articles on Dante published every year is astonishing when we come to see the list in *L'Alighieri*, Passerini's *Revista*, and in the lately defunct library bulletins.

"The Twelfth Annual Report of the Dante Society" (2) contains a select list of recent Dante literature added to the

shelves of that Society in the Harvard College Library. The report contains, also, a paper of much originality and learning on "Dante's Obligations to the De Officiis in Regard to the Division and Order of Sins in the Inferno," by Dr. Edward Moore of Oxford. It may not be improper to add that this Society should have the aid and fellowship of all students of Dante in this country. Applications for membership may be made to the Secretary, Prof. George Rice Carpenter of Columbia; the annual dues are five dollars. With a wide membership, this Society might strongly stimulate and intelligently assist the study of Dante in America.

Readers of Scartazzini's "Prolegomeni della Divina Commedia," in the larger edition, recognized that the trend of the author's mind was not only fiercely polemical, as, indeed, it had always been, but also sceptical, and even negatively dogmatic. The "Dante-Handbuch," a condensation for popular use, published at Leipzig last year, is a distinct advance in the same direction of negative and destructive criticism. This book is now put before English readers under the title of "A Companion to Dante" (3). We fancy that the average reader will find it a drastic dose. Scartazzini is caustic in his criticism of the fabulous and fanciful literature which has grown up, like a crop of weeds, around the life and works of Dante. He tells us that all we really know about the poet's life could be put on two pages. Take this specimen of Scartazzini's pointed style, as Mr. Butler has preserved it in his translation:—"Meanwhile Count Cesare Balbo, sitting before his own mirror, had produced a brilliant portrait of the poet, which till quite recently passed as an original. Balbo's excellently written book, a complete biography with no gaps, for all gaps in the history were beautifully filled up by conjectures, for some decades formed the main source for Dante biographers, both in and out of Italy. Even at this present day, the more popular and best accounts of Dante's life in Italian, German, English and French are practically derived from Balbo, historical romances executed with more or less ability, of which it is difficult to say whether they have done more good or harm to the study of Dante. To be quite fair all around, I may here point out that my own biography of Dante, published in 1869, belongs to this category" (!). Scartazzini's work belongs distinctly to what the Germans call, in their expressive fashion, an "Aufklärung" of Dantesque lore. In its negative method it gives us the substance of what is known and what has been conjectured on probable grounds about Dante and his writings. At the same time it directs us to study the annals and the literature of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, if we would expect to have any sure learning on the subject. The number of those who in our days find time to study St. Thomas Aquinas and Brunetto Latini, in order to understand the writings of Dante, must be small. Meanwhile we lack a popular handbook based upon an extensive, sympathetic but critical examination of the books that Dante may have read, and of the antecedent history with which he was acquainted. Until such a work is given us, this "Companion to Dante" will remain the most useful book of its sort.

Mr. Snyder's "Commentary" (4) is an interpretation after the manner of transcendental philosophy. If we can accustom ourselves to his mystical exposition, to his Carlylean style and to some such striking originalities as that the "main fact of Dantesque art is that Satan is a comic character" (p. 462), that Dante is the "greatest successor and expositor of the Apocalypse of St. John" (p. 35), and that "Dante seeks to show his impartiality by damning men of both political parties" (p. 330), we will come to enjoy the flashes of Mr. Snyder's insight and his brilliant generalizations. The student of Dante's works will hesitate before pronouncing impossible the most philosophical or mystical interpretation; therefore we are disposed to accept Mr. Snyder's own idea about some of his more transcendental expositions, which is that, while they may have been beyond the poet's consciousness, they were possibly not beyond his poetic instinct. Mr. Snyder has brought no small store of

learning to the accomplishment of his labor, and he handles his material with the strength of a master. His interpretation of Canto X. of the "Inferno" is a revelation. Finally coming to Sir Edward Sullivan's translation of the "Inferno" (5), we have only to say that the diction is smooth, and that there are felicities of phraseology. But in comparing it with the Italian we find so many inaccuracies and absolutely wrong renderings that we hesitate to recommend it. The vigor of Dante's language is often lost. For one example, take the strong line at the end of Canto V.:—"E caddi come corpo morto cade," which suggests the suddenness of the stroke and the dull sound the corpse makes when it falls. Mr. Norton has kept this impression in his translation:—"And fell as the dead body falls," but Sir Edward Sullivan refines it away into "and fell even as a corpse falleth." We are unwilling to suppose that the translator is unversed in the *lingua Toscana*, but we have been at a loss to conjecture what possible text could have yielded him some of his renderings. In Canto X., when Vergil pushes Dante close to the fiery sepulchre of Farinata, the Roman poet says to the Italian, "Let thy words be courteous" ("Le parole tue sien conte"). This Sir Edward renders, "Let thy words be measured." But "conte" comes from the Latin *comptus*, and means adorned, smooth, courteous. Mr. Norton ingeniously uses "choice" in this place. The publisher has put forth Sir Edward Sullivan's translation in an attractive form.

"The Trespasser"

By Gilbert Parker. D. Appleton & Co.

INTEREST, pith, force and charm—Mr. Parker's new story possesses all these qualities. Who that has read the weary tales of diseased people which are now so common—tales of over-ripe society, *Tendens-romane* wherein rabid, end-of-the-century imagination girds at existing things as social problems,—who that has read these stories, has heard the sudden fame of their authors, has had dinned at him the "psychologic interest" and the other jargon of the cult, has not felt the mighty desire to arise and vent a Berserker wrath? Such a man is Mr. Gilbert Parker. He draws on the mysterious fountain of pure romance for his ingredients, on the elemental passions of man—love of woman and love of battle,—and mixes them in a great pippin of modern possibility. He is direct, he is powerful in his effects, because he has to a remarkable degree the genius of compression. Almost bare of synthetical decoration, his paragraphs are stirring because they are real. We read at times as we have read the great masters of romance—breathlessly. A few words can tell the story of "The Trespasser"; for it is the rich charm of the personality portrayed (rich and impressive like some heavy cloth-of-gold of an older age, brocaded on the warp and woof of modern England), more than any chapter of events, which rushes the story to its end.

Gaston Belward is the son of an English gentleman and a half French-Canadian, half Indian mother. His father had fled in wrath from the stately English home to the fierce, intense life of the northern American plains, and there the boy was born. He grew up in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, hunting and fighting and winning rare experience. When a man, he returned to the English home, to find the old grandfather—to test the conventional limits of the inheritance of his race—and to be conscious of his descent from that other gallant Cavalier Gaston who rode with Prince Rupert and fell at Naseby. The hero of a band of trappers and Indians, an aristocrat always, Gaston takes up the life of an M.F.H. and before long is also an M.P., only to feel the shackles of English civilization and the out-cropping of his wild blood, and to give loose rein to his nature with a splendid and a careless grace: these are the things related of him who is "The Trespasser." This is all, but in the limning there are pictures as by Velasquez and Murillo. Mr. Parker's first appearance before the public was but recent, and he comes equipped with the experience of a more crude, more free and more real life than any town-bred

man enjoys. He takes to England his Canadian past, as did Mr. Rudyard Kipling his past in India, and the result is somewhat similar. We are dazzled by things of which we did not know, and we are delighted. In Mr. Parker we feel that a prophet has arisen, and we hope for him great and greater years.

"The Little Sisters of the Poor"

By Mrs. Abel Ram. Longmans, Green & Co.

ANY ONE WHO has seen the modest, cheerful, black-robed Little Sisters of the Poor going in couples from door to door, to beg for their aged poor, and who has experienced the way in which every humble gift is glorified into something precious by their grateful thanks, will be interested to know of the existence of a volume describing their lives. Few persons realize that this Order, which has made such immense strides and has done so much to alleviate suffering, is scarcely fifty years old. Fewer still realize the exact nature of its organization, or the labors and heroic renunciations performed by these indefatigable Little Sisters. The Order has 266 foundations throughout the world, three of which are in far-away Oceania, two in Asia, and four in Africa, while one is established in Turkey. At the present moment they shelter over 34,000 old men and women; and there are 4400 sisters. Yet this work, which has assumed such immense proportions, was begun but fifty years ago, in the extremest poverty, and by the humblest peasant women; it has been extended without means of support—except donations and the alms in money and kind received on the Sisters' marvellous *quêtes*—and maintained without one penny of endowment, the latter being forbidden by their constitution.

The history of the organization is briefly this. On the Brittany coast, diagonally opposite the island of Mont St. Michel, lies a rugged little fishing hamlet, called St. Servan. Summer visitors to Dinard and St. Malo know the place well, for it is from them that the Sisters solicit and receive much for the support of their house. About 1840 a young priest, Père Le Pailleur, started the first foundation of the Order in this village. After a long preparation of self-renunciation and spiritual questioning, he, together with two young seamstresses, Marie Jamet and Virginie Trédaniel, and a peasant woman, Jeanne Jugan—names now famous throughout the Catholic world,—received into the attic where these pious women lived, an aged, destitute, diseased woman, whom they were to support and nurse. Their only income came from their own labor. Ere long other aged pensioners were received into the household, and it became necessary for the women to spend all their time in nursing and caring for their charges. Then it was that heroic Jeanne Jugan, forced to beg aid from the public to support her "dear poor," started out with a large basket on her arm, thus instituting the *quête*, which has become famous and glorified wherever there are poor to care for. The little community grew, a constitution, founded on poverty, obedience, chastity and hospitality, was adopted, papal sanction given, new Foundations continually established, and, finally, a novitiate, the Tour St. Joseph, instituted. Nothing could be more interesting than the history of these foundations, usually begun (often in a hostile community) with the arrival of three or four Little Sisters, with scarcely a sou in their pockets. Their first object was to seek a habitation—four empty walls,—their next to find some old pensioners, and then to begin their *quêtes* and routine of laborious life. Amazing to outsiders will be the account of the cast-off articles and food this indefatigable community utilizes, from the cigar stumps that are chopped up to increase the old pensioners' supply of tobacco and the coffee grounds that give them coffee, to the old sardine and vegetable cans, which are cleaned and sold to dealers to make toys and tin soldiers. Nothing in their frugal hands is lost or wasted. Indeed, it is through this intensified thrift that it is possible to harbor so many old people. The book is written with poetic fervor and that phraseology of humility and adoration that stamps the *religieuse* when she is speaking of the things sanctified by her Church.

"A Bird-Lover in the West"

By Olive Thorne Miller. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

IT IS DIFFICULT to conceive of a person absolutely indifferent to bird-life, but if there be any such, we commend this delightful volume to him, with a feeling that it will remove that indifference, and give him an added interest in life. So suggestive, so entertaining, so practically valuable is a knowledge of our birds, that all books that bring their lives closer to ours are to be welcomed. This latest volume from the practised hand of Mrs. Miller will undoubtedly receive the hearty greeting it deserves. The author is enthusiastic, and knows full well whereof she speaks; and the birds she describes stand out so vividly, that the reader will be sure to recognize them, when happily he or she has opportunity to wander into such pleasant places as those described in these pages. It matters not where her lines are cast, Mrs. Miller is sure to find a bird somewhere in the neighborhood, oftener a great many of them, and the secret of their lives is soon disclosed. This is but half the work, and should not be all the pleasure. Our author would be eminently selfish, did she keep all that she knows to herself. But this she does not do, and we trust it is fully as great a satisfaction to her to record her adventures as it is preëminently pleasant for others to read them. To tell an out-door story well is ever a difficult task, and one that but few are equal to performing well: Mrs. Miller is such a one. She tells us precisely what we wish to know, and skilfully avoids those minor details that too frequently crowd the pages of our out-door books.

Those who are familiar with bird-life in the East will at once be struck by the peculiarities of allied bird-life in the Rocky Mountain region, and will conclude that, taken all in all, the East is favored. Superb as is the song of the Western meadow-lark, we have abundant compensation in our Eastern thrush and the rose-breasted grossbeak; and here at home, too, our song-birds, as a whole, are not so shy, and there is more music near our doors than in the immediate surroundings of a Colorado cottage, even if "in a cottonwood grove on the banks of the Minnelowan." In treating of the bird-life "in the Middle Country"—i. e., Southern Ohio, Mrs. Miller shows how unsafe it is to conclude that we know any species exhaustively, because of careful observations at some one point. The birds of Southern Ohio and of the seaboard of the Middle States, and (to some extent) of New England, are nearly the same, yet a difference of five hundred miles makes a vast difference in their habits and in their songs. Again, other pairs of birds, nesting, perhaps, but a few miles away, would probably have acted quite differently in some respects, and so Mrs. Miller would have had another story to tell. This is not a drawback, but a merit; for it makes the writing of many books about our birds a necessity. We trust that our author will long continue to travel and to write, for bird-books, like the songs of birds, can never become wearisome or commonplace.

"The Wee Ones of Japan"

By Mae St. John Bramhall. Harper & Bros.

THE WEE ONES OF JAPAN deserve a little book by themselves, and more than once have they had it. The late Mrs. Chaplin-Ayrton wrote on child life in Japan, and many other foreign writers have devoted one or more chapters to the little folks who live in the Sun's Nest. In the Morning Land itself, the books about babies and for children are legion. Nowadays, also, our periodicals for young folks—*Harper's Young People*, *St. Nicholas*, *The Youth's Companion*—are practically issued in Japanese editions, for these neo-Western Far Orientals, both publishers and translators, are skilled in "lifting" bodily those contents of our journals that will sell in Tokyo and the prefectures. Nothing quite so dainty, however, as the little volume now in our hands has been devoted to the children of the Paradise of Babies. The artist, Mr. Charles D. Weldon, has done his part most handsomely, and his pictures are, as a rule, marvellously true to nature. Indeed, the book revives most delightfully the days when to win the children to our arms we sacrificed

willingly both our moustaches and our lump-sugar. A "hairy Tō-jin" (Chinaman of the Tang Dynasty, or foreigner) was rather a bogie or an *oni* of some sort, until he had made his face smooth. The author wisely refrains from portraying, or even hinting at, the transition-forms which are eyesores to the traveller who sees the reconstructed Japanese children of to-day. She tells us how chubby and rosy, how shaven-headed and silk-robed, or swathed in padded cotton, the rice-fed and white-toothed little creatures are, and fails not to see their dimpled hands, pink feet and dainty skins. Although kissing is unknown in Japan, she gives us to understand that the wee ones tempt to constant application of the lips. Since soap was unknown in Old Japan, the Japanese made up for the lack by literally parboiling themselves and their children more than once daily. Of course she gives us the bright side of Japanese childhood, and lets us know what the little folks hear and read, how they play, what are their games and sports, and who are their public entertainers. The wonder-world which forms the stuff of which their dreams are made is hinted at. She has not only "seen for herself," but has read the books of those who have tried to get at the root of things.

There are some matters with which we have to find fault. If Japanese words are to be used, why not have them printed correctly? In this attractive little volume they are often shockingly reproduced. We do not think that the author does justice to Mrs. Chaplin-Ayrton, who knew a good deal of Japanese children, from several years of close observation. The author has, too, relied too much upon Sir Edwin Arnold, whose specialty is neither profundity nor accuracy, and, like him, she exaggerates the literal or actual meaning of Japanese polite phrases. The little folks have their purgatory as well as heaven on earth, and in place of our dentists, rendered necessary by our dietary, is the moxa, which scarifies their tender skins. The author comes to the conclusion that "the wee ones of Japan are the very best-disciplined darlings to be found upon the ample bosom of Mother Earth," and we are inclined to believe it; but, after they have grown up, well—we reserve our opinion till some future time.

"The Raiders"

By S. R. Crockett. Macmillan & Co.

THE GREATER PART of the hill tribes that herded together in the upper country of Scotland were broken men from the border clans, or outlaw Scots fleeing from the wrath of their own chief, the Warden of the Marches. All these outlaws used to plunder the men of the middle hills until the days of the Presbytery, before the return of Charles II. Then the men of the middle hills, being of a lofty spirit and joined very close by the tie of a common religion, rose and made an end of their oppressors, driving them forth from the country with fire and sword. Those that escaped betook themselves to the wilds of the moorlands, where no writ ran, no law was obeyed and no warrant was good, unless countersigned by a musket. Among these wild clans the Faas were conspicuous, accounting themselves above the Stuarts and Douglasses, even though expelled from the border country. They still held King James's patent of nobility, and belted themselves with justice and full heraldic right "Lords and Earls of Little Egypt."

It was, therefore, not of the nature of mere bravado that Hector Faa should send word to the warlike Maxwells, the strongest of all the patriarchal smuggling families of the Solway seaboard, that their only sister was intended for the bride of a gypsy chief. It was a Faa boast, made sacred by custom, that a Faa bride had never been led home save with her hands tied behind her back, the brides always becoming more Faa than the Faas themselves. The curse that Richard Maxwell sent back on this occasion is remembered yet in the hill country, and is spoken of by his descendants with a kind of pride. It was considered as fine a thing as the old man had ever done since he dropped profane swearing and took to anathemas from the Psalms—which did just as well. The

history of this feud between the Faas and the Maxwells forms the substance of Mr. Crockett's new story. Its matter is suggestive of Stevenson, and in the rapidity of its action and the variety of its incident it compares favorably with "Kidnapped." It is less finished, however, and one cannot help feeling sorry that its author did not cling to the field he worked so successfully in "The Stickit Minister." It is a pleasure to record the appearance, in this country, of a second edition of that charming book. "The Raiders" has a certain interest, but the human element, which is so striking in its predecessor, is lacking here.

Poetry and Verse

POEMS DESCRIPTIVE of imaginary journeys to and from the world of spirits may interest the persons who write them, but they are apt to be dull reading to others. "Behind the Veil" is a poem belonging to this class. It is the work of the late James de Mille, author of "The Dodge Club," and was found in manuscript among his papers after his death. In his preface the editor states that the poem had been prepared for the press with great care by Prof. de Mille, and had apparently been offered for publication. That it was not accepted would seem to be a good reason why it should have been left in manuscript. It is not of sufficient merit or importance to add to the writer's fame. The book is well printed, and has an etched portrait of Prof. de Mille for a frontispiece. (Halifax: T. C. Allen & Co.)—*"ANGELUS DOMINI"* is a collection of lays and poems in honor of the Virgin Mary. It includes selections from sixty or more poets, and is illustrated with many pictures of the Madonna, and also with several original designs by the compiler. (Baker & Taylor Co.)—A NEW and original historical drama by Mr. Chester Gore Miller is entitled "Father Junipero Serra." It might possibly be acted, but it is almost impossible to read it. The illustrations sprinkled through the book are startling and vivid. This is Mr. Miller's "Dramatic Work, the Second." (Chicago: Skeen, Baker & Co.)—SIXTY-EIGHT PAGES of unreadable verse make up "Ros et Rosa Lyrica," by Mr. Otto von Edelweiss. (Pittsburgh: Eichbaum Press.)—TWO KANSAN POETS, Messrs. Albert Bigelow Paine and William Allen White, have published a volume of their verse, under the title of "Rhymes By Two Friends." Mr. Ewing Herbert of Hiawatha, Kansas, has supplied an introduction. The verse is commonplace and never gets out of the everyday country-newspaper rut. There are many echoes of other poets, and many rhymes with no echo of poetry in them. Thus far the Kansan Laureateship seems to be held by "Ironquill." (Fort Scott: M. L. Izor & Son.)

RECENT ADDITIONS to the Muses' Library are "The Poems of William Blake," in one volume, edited by Mr. W. B. Yeats, and "The Poems of William Browne of Tavistock," in two volumes, edited by Mr. Gordon Goodwin, with an introduction by Mr. A. H. Bullen. Of these new contributions to this excellent series it is unnecessary to write in detail. What we have said of the seven preceding volumes applies with equal force to these three. The poetical works of the two authors are given in full, with numerous notes explanatory and critical, and with indexes biographical and bibliographical. Thus far the publishers have been happy in their choice of editors, who have done their work in an entirely satisfactory manner. The books are convenient in size, excellently printed and attractively bound. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)—IN THE BOOK-LOVER'S LIBRARY a recent volume is devoted to poems of books and bookmen. "Book-Song" is the title of this anthology, and it is edited by Mr. Gleason White, late editor of *The Art Amateur*. Mr. White's compilation presents a great number of poems by both British and American poets. It is put together on rather different lines from Mr. Brander Matthews's "Ballads of Books," and the selections of the two rarely duplicate any poem. The authors are arranged alphabetically, and an Index of Titles is given at the end of the volume. We notice Mr. Bunner's "The Future of the Classics" among the anonymous group, but otherwise we have been unable to detect any errors. The book is admirably arranged, and Mr. White's preface is a bookish and clever piece of writing. (London: Elliot Stock.)—UNIFORM IN STYLE with "Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley," recently noticed in these columns, is Mr. John James Platt's "Little New-World Idyls, and Other Poems." These two volumes include most of Mr. Platt's poetical writings, of which Mr. Lowell once wrote:—"In his general choice of subjects, and mode of treating them, we find a native sweetness and humanity, a domesticity of sentiment, that is very attractive. Whoever likes simple thoughts and feelings simply expressed, as much as we do, will like this book." (Longmans, Green & Co.)

A PRETTY LITTLE BOOK of verse, whose contents resemble the early work of Bunner and Minturn Peck, is "In Various Moods," by M. A. B. Evans. Society verse is here in plenty, and once in a while there is something fairly clever. Ballades, rondeaux, triolets, sectinas, villanelles, and even a pantoum, are here. The author "knows the ropes," and when he learns a little more about his trade, he ought to write as well as some of his numerous masters of *vers-de-société*. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—A SMALL PAMPHLET of sixty-seven pages contains twenty-two new poems by Mr. W. H. Venable, and is entitled "The Last Flight." Among the poems is one called "The Saga of the Oak," which deserves mention, and another, called "My Catbird: a Capriccio," full of spirit and jollity. Mr. Venable is a member of the group of poets to which Mr. James Whitcomb Riley belongs: Mr. Riley calls him "the sweetest warbler of the whole indurin' flock!" (Robert Clarke & Co.)—A HANDSOME EDITION of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "The House of Life" has recently been brought out. This is the only complete edition of this remarkable Sonnet-sequence, together with the lyrics belonging thereto, and presents one hundred and three sonnets and eleven lyrics. For this book Mr. Goodhue has designed three borders, in the style of those found in Mr. William Morris's Kelmscott volumes, and more than one hundred initial letters, and these, with the text, have been beautifully printed at the University Press. The ordinary edition is limited to five hundred copies, and there is a limited edition of fifty copies, with rubricated initials. (Copeland & Day.)—A PLEASING STORY in pleasing verse is "Ninette," a redwoods idyll, by Mr. John Vance Cheney. The poem is attractively illustrated by Miss Isabelle Morrison, and is sure to find many admirers. Mr. Cheney is one of our most winning poets of nature, and this idyll is full of his happiest touches. (San Francisco: William Doxey.)

New Books and New Editions

WE MAY OBJECT to the mannish woman as we do to the effeminate man, but it does not follow that all sport is degrading when practised by women. Here is a book of essays on "Ladies in the Field," all written by women and edited by a woman, Lady Greville, in which the writers, though they differ on most other points, all agree that a woman need not become unwomanly because she shoots, rides and hunts the fox. There is much to be said on their side of the question, and they say it. As to riding, the matter is not disputed; and it is difficult to see any harm in deer-stalking, tiger-shooting, or fox-hunting, excepting the trifle of danger and the great deal of fatigue that they involve, but which, on the other hand, constitute the charm of all real sport. Tiger-shooting is actually a work of charity, as Mrs. Martelli, who writes on "Tigers I have Shot," is careful to explain. Except in the case of such dangerous game, however, the drive or *début* is, we maintain, unsportsmanlike. That the animals have a good chance to escape matters nothing. The main point is that the shooter needs only a cool head, which half the time is a sign merely of a sluggish temper or coarse nerves. We do not admire the woman who has coarser nerves than her horse. Several of the essays are quite well written, especially that by the editor, which opens the volume; that already mentioned, by Mrs. Martelli; one on "Deer-Stalking," by a lady who signs herself "Diane Chasseresse," and one by Mrs. Pennell, on "Cycling." (D. Appleton & Co.)

MR. WALTER JERROLD has succeeded remarkably well in his modest biography of "Oliver Wendell Holmes." Its pages are filled with the kindly sparkle of the Doctor's wit and wisdom; and when he has finished the book, the reader feels that he has met and held converse with a kindred spirit, and that the bond between them is admiration and love for Dr. Holmes. As man, as poet, novelist and philosopher, the Autocrat has exerted a wide influence for good. He teaches us gentleness, which is the essence of courtesy; he points out the dignity of life as well as its brightness. When seated at the Breakfast-Table with this delightful talker, the listener is charmed, and—sign of exquisite breeding—he never is made to feel uncomfortable. It is only when he is in the solitude of his own room that he feels the lesson, and is thankful for the tact with which it was given. The Autocrat, the Professor and the Poet contain—illuminated and not hidden by the humor and the lightness of touch—hints and rules that will make gentlemen and gentlewomen as long as they are read. Holmes in *The Atlantic Monthly* and Curtis in the Easy Chair, of *Harper's* have been mentors for whom America has reason to be thankful, and of whom it may rightly be proud. Holmes has recorded for posterity what was best in American life when the century was young, and has shown us what that life may be in the years to come. His thought is deep, his field is wide, his manner light and happy; and over it all lies the refining atmosphere of breeding, of that intangible and captivating quality which erstwhile men called aristocracy, but for which in these democratic days they have sought other terms. Mr. Jerrold's

book is slight, yet important. It is an "appreciation," still more than a biography. It is filled with enthusiastic admiration. It quotes liberally, and with excellent taste; it succeeds in drawing attention to the salient points in Dr. Holmes's writings, and it impresses the fact that he is a serious, not a humorous writer, a philosopher and an educator as well as a wit. His biography remains still to be written, but when that day comes—*adieu omen*—Mr. Jerrold will be the man to write it as it should be written, with love, admiration and a thorough knowledge of his work. All lovers of the genial Doctor—and their name is legion—will thank the English author for this delightful little volume. It will undoubtedly receive the place it deserves on every American's book-shelf. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE PUBLICATION of the "Orations and After-Dinner Speeches" of Chauncey M. Depew proved so profitable a venture that the firm which undertook it has been prompt to follow it up with the "Life and Later Speeches" of the same popular orator and man of affairs. Although but four years have elapsed since the first of these two volumes appeared, the interval has sufficed for the delivery of by far the greater number of the forty speeches here gathered together—the Columbian oration, the Presidential Centennial oration, the Sherman and Parnell memorial addresses, and addresses at the laying of the cornerstone of the Grant Monument and the unveiling of the monument to Horace Greeley, as well as on the occasion of the *Tribune's* fiftieth birthday. To complete the list would be to recall most of the notable occasions of a public character since the beginning of 1890. Not the least of these addresses was that in which the favorite orator of the Republican party put President Harrison in nomination for a second term. Its delivery was promptly followed by the offer of the Secretaryship of State, which Mr. Blaine had recently resigned. Mr. Depew declined the proffered honor in a letter which is made public, for the first time, in this book. The first volume found its warmest welcome among collegians and young lawyers, who sought to learn from it the secret of Mr. Depew's successful oratory. Whether or no any of them acquired the secret they all sought, the work before us sufficiently attests that the author himself has not lost it. To the "Later Speeches" is prefixed a biographical sketch of Mr. Depew by Joseph B. Gilder—a fact that precludes any extended notice of the book in these columns. (Cassell Pub. Co.)

"FRANCIS AQUILA STOUT" is an appropriate tribute to the memory of a well-known New Yorker of an older generation. Born in the early part of this century, Mr. Stout was related to several of the leading families in the North and South, and represented worthily the old school of American gentlemen, both abroad and at home. He had, as is justly said in this biography, "a genius for friendship," which he demonstrated in Europe as well as in this country. Though he never entered public life, Mr. Stout exercised a decided influence on contemporaneous affairs in this State, and to his good offices is due the organization of the New York State survey in 1876. The Nicaragua Canal scheme, too, found in him its ablest and most influential supporter, and his services in this cause were fitly acknowledged by his election, on its organization, to the presidency of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company. Mr. Stout was also one of the Vice-Presidents of the American Geographical Society, a Trustee of the New York Society Library, of the Institution for the Blind and of the Samaritan Home for the Aged. He belonged to several of the leading American and European clubs, and had received official recognition for his services from the French Government. A man of considerable means, Mr. Stout endeavored to make his life of service to his country and his fellow-men, and he succeeded. His memory will be kept green even without this little volume, from the pens of his friend E. S. Nadal and of his father-in-law, Gen. Meredith Read. (New York: privately printed.)

"CASSELL'S COMPLETE GUIDE to Europe," the 1894 edition of which has been issued, has some obvious merits. It is at once compact and comprehensive, small enough for the pocket, yet covering the whole of Europe except Turkey; and the practical suggestions to the tourist are generally sensible. On the other hand, the attempt to condense a dozen local guide-books into one pocket volume necessitates the briefest mention of many objects of interest—so brief, indeed, in some instances, as to be unintelligible. Under Amsterdam, for example, we read:—"The Oude Mannenhuis is open, 10-4." But what the Oude Mannenhuis is, we are not told. Curiously enough, neither Baedeker nor Murray mentions this Museum. As a rule, however, the concise descriptions are clear and to the point. The most marked defect in the book is the imperfect revision from year to year. It is not to be expected that every little detail concerning minor localities can be kept right up to date; but every important change in the leading cities and main

routes ought to be promptly recorded, or at least to be noted within two years of its occurrence. We find, however, that the book is from three to ten years behind the times on not a few matters of this kind. The Alexandra Palace, closed for several years, is still put down among the sights of London. The fares from London to Paris, by the Calais, Boulogne, and other routes, remain as they were before the revision of 1892 or earlier. The new Rijks (States or National) Museum at Amsterdam, opened in 1886, is not mentioned; but the Trippenhuis and Vanderhoop galleries, which were then transferred to it, are given separately as of old. The Pantheon at Paris is described as a Christian church, though it has not been such since 1885. The Borghese Palace in Rome is described as containing the famous collection of pictures removed in 1891. Many railways opened within four or five years are not mentioned, the traveller being duly instructed concerning diligences or donkeys for those routes. This is true of so well-worn a route as that from Geneva to Chamouni, shortened a full half by railway to Cluses three or four years ago. These inaccuracies seriously mar an otherwise excellent little book. (Cassell Pub. Co.)

THE HUMORS and, still more, the pathos of wills furnish the subject of Mr. B. B. West's "Wills, and How Not to Make Them." He considers the duties of testators to their surviving relatives, friends and dependents in a whimsical fashion that serves admirably to bring out the seriousness of his lessons. He analyzes the moods in which wills are written, and classifies testators accordingly as angry, crotchety, active, passive, principled and fussy. There are also among them, according to him, wife-robbers and men who feel upon them the duties of Providence on earth. To each he speaks a word of warning, and illustrates his teaching with cases demonstrating how serious a duty is the making of a just will, and how lack of thought, or obedience to impulse, may do irreparable injury. The wills cited disposed of large estates, and to the happy owners of such does the book mostly appeal. It will, however, suggest much of value to lawyers; and it is so brightly written that even those who have nothing to dispose of will peruse it with regretful pleasure. (Longmans, Green & Co.)—"THE ANNUAL Literary Index" for 1893, edited by W. I. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker, with the cooperation of members of the American Library Association and of *The Library Journal* staff, has been published, and forms, as did all the volumes that preceded it, an addition of much value to the literary worker's book-shelf. Its scope is large, the method of indexing eminently simple, and the index to books of essays, travel, history, statistics, etc., unique. The author-index and the lists of bibliographies, both American and English, are followed by a necrology, which embraces not only the strictly literary world, as represented by Edwin Lassetter Bynner, Albert Delpit, Maupassant, Lucy Larcom, Hawley Smart, John Addington Symonds and the Baroness Tautphoeus, but also Bishop Brooks, Dr. Charcot, Sir Samuel Baker, Baron Brabourne, Fanny Kemble, Francis Parkman, Dr. Peabody and Dr. Philip Schaff. (*The Publishers' Weekly*.)

READERS OF *The Critic* doubtless know that the University of Pennsylvania has a department called the Wharton School of Finance and Economy, founded by Joseph Wharton, and devoted to the study of all branches of politics and public economy. The members of the senior class in that school lately made an elaborate study of the "City Government of Philadelphia," and have now published the result of their studies in an octavo volume. It describes all departments of the municipal government, beginning with the Mayor and ending with the Sheriff, and is as full and detailed an account as even Philadelphians are likely to wish for. Chapters are devoted to the mode of raising and disbursing money, to the varied operations of the Department of Public Works and to the police; and there is a full description of the organization and administration of the public schools. Each chapter is generally the work of a single student; but in some cases the article is the result of collaboration. The general character of the book is like that of other works on similar subjects which our universities have published of late years, being in the main a study of facts rather than of principles, and written without much regard to literary effect. To students of municipal administration it will serve a useful purpose, and the arrangement of topics will facilitate reference and comparison with other city governments. We can hardly agree with Prof. James's remark, in his introduction, that municipal government is the "most important of subjects," but it is certainly important and also perplexing, and a book dealing with any phase of it is therefore timely. (University of Pennsylvania.)

SOME years ago Mr. Henry Wood published a small book, entitled "Natural Law in the Business World," in which he treated various industrial topics and the moral questions involved in them, the treatment being characterized by good sense and fairness, but

with less rigid reasoning than is found in the standard economic treatises. The work attained some popularity, and has doubtless done good. The author has now rewritten it, enlarged it to twice its original size, and issued it anew under the title of "Political Economy of Natural Law." Mr. Wood's fundamental thesis, the supremacy of natural law in the economic life of society, is now familiar to all students of economic science; but unfortunately it is not so familiar to the mass of industrial workers, whether laborers or employers, and as the style and method of this book are simpler than those of the regular treatises, it will perhaps be read and pondered by some who would not have the patience to read more elaborate works. Mr. Wood makes the usual arguments against socialism and all schemes of a socialistic tendency, maintaining that "business prospers in the absence of legal interference except to simply provide for justice and freedom." Yet, with great inconsistency, and in violation of his fundamental principle that all industrial operations are governed by natural law, he advocates a protective tariff, maintaining that without it the wages of American laborers would fall to the European level. He speaks strongly against the prevalent abuses in corporate management, but we cannot see that he suggests anything new in the way of a remedy. The tone of the book is cheerful, most of its teachings are sound, and it may be safely commended to the class of readers for whom it is designed. (Lee & Shepard.)

WE have received a book about "The Union Pacific Railway," by John P. Davis, giving a history of the railway from its inception to the present time, with special reference to its relations with the United States Government. The earlier chapters, which recount the original conception of a trans-continental railway and the first unsuccessful attempts to obtain a charter and Government aid, are unnecessarily long and prolix, but the remainder of the work is better. Mr. Davis shows how for many years local and sectional feeling and the antagonism between the North and the South prevented the building of the road; and the chapter on these aspects of the subject takes us back to a state of things that can hardly be realized now. Next follows an account of the actual construction of the road, and of the Crédit Mobilier scandal, with a review of the various attempts which the Government has made to secure the repayment of its loan. Mr. Davis tries to excuse Oakes Ames and his associates in the building of the road by the plea that they were no worse than other railway men of their time, or, in his own words, that the Crédit Mobilier "was only a type of the railway construction company of the period"; but that is a very lame excuse. In his concluding chapter the author inquires what the Government shall do to recover the sum now due to it from the Union Pacific Co.—a sum that amounts to \$125,000,000; yet we cannot see that he offers anything of value towards a solution of the question. But, whatever may be thought of Mr. Davis's views and suggestions, he has given as full a history of the Union Pacific Co. and its political relations as most students of the subject will care for. (S. C. Griggs & Co.)

"PRIMARY ELECTIONS," by Daniel S. Remsen, is a study of the prevalent modes of making nominations to office, with suggestions for their improvement. Mr. Remsen believes that the way to reform American politics is to give the individual voter a more effective voice in nominating candidates for office. At present nominations are really made by a few persons who have control of the party machinery, and the author maintains, as some other writers have done, that, if they were made by the members of the party generally, the candidates would be of a higher order and more truly representative of the party. He gives quite an elaborate description of the caucus and the other nominating agencies, and then presents in detail his plans for reform. He does not suppose that the improvement he desires can be effected by any one simple device, but makes a number of suggestions as to the organization of caucuses, the mode of taking the vote, the protection of minorities, and so forth; but we must refer our readers to the book itself for the details. In our opinion, however, Mr. Remsen exaggerates the importance of the nominating convention and of political machinery in general, and we believe that the only effectual means of raising politics to a higher level is by disseminating better ideas and sentiments among the masses. Still, if any improvements can be made in the party machinery, by all means let us have them. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

THE FIRST BOOK of the Kensington Series is a "Compendium of Transportation Theories," containing a number of essays upon transportation subjects by experts—the transportation here referred to being that by rail almost exclusively. The railway problem and its future, the railroads of England and America, the relations between Canadian and American railroads, railway consolidation, government interference, strikes, the interstate commerce law, pool-

ing and combinations, are some of the subjects discussed in the thirty-four papers brought together within these covers. (Washington: Kensington Pub. Co.)—"THE FIRST STAGES of the Tariff Policy of the United States," by William Hill, A.M., will be of great help to students of the tariff on account of the attention it gives to colonial legislation on the subject, which has been almost entirely neglected by the economists of our day. Early duties for revenue, tonnage duties, tobacco taxes, slave duty and tariff schedules in the Colonies take up the first part of this monograph; tariff legislation, the opinions of statesmen on tariffs, the act of 1789 and an appendix containing much of interest, follow. (American Economic Association.)—"THE SIXTH PART of the 'Dictionary of Political Economy,' completing the first volume, has just been published. The promise given in earlier parts, of a thorough and reliable handbook for the student, seems to grow with each succeeding issue. This part contains title-page and index to Vol. I., and the announcement that the publication in parts will now be discontinued, and the remainder of the Dictionary appear in volumes only. (Macmillan & Co.)—"THE 'STATE LIBRARY BULLETIN,' January, 1894, contains a comparative summary, classified by subject, of the laws enacted during 1893 by thirty-nine States and one territory. In most cases the laws are briefly summarized as well as cited, thus presenting an intelligible survey of the most recent phases of state legislation on subjects of general interest. (Albany: University of the State of New York.)—"THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Executive Committee of the Indian Rights Association," for the year ending Dec. 15, 1894, is hopeful in tone throughout, notwithstanding the difficulties pointed out in its pages. (Philadelphia: The Indian Rights Association.)—"THE LIFE and Educational Works of John Amos Comenius," by S. S. Laurie, and "Pestalozzi: His Aim and Work," by Baron Roger de Guimps, have been published in the paper-bound Standard Teachers' Library. (Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.)—MR. EDWARD B. MERRILL'S "Tribute to the Life and Public Service of George William Curtis," read before the American Social Science Association at Saratoga, Sept. 8, 1893, and first reprinted in the Society's *Journal*, has been issued in pamphlet form.

MR. G. H. D. GOSSIP'S "The Chess Pocket Manual: a Pocket-Guide for Beginners and Advanced Players" will probably prove of greater value to the latter than to the former, and of most help where the two work together as pupils and teachers. Openings, mid-games and endings are treated at considerable length, and diagrams of instructive positions, together with a collection of illustrative games, add to the merits of the volume. Its size makes it handy to be slipped into the pocket. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)—"THE HON. LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE'S "Stones of Stumbling" and "Safe Studies," the latter containing also some translations and poems by Lady Tollemache, have been published by the author. A review of these two works, which are eminently "bookish" in the pleasant sense of that word, was given in *The Critic* of Aug. 5, 1893. (Brentano's.)—"THE SECOND EDITION of the "Official Congressional Directory" for 1894 chronicles the election, by the Mississippi Legislature, of the Hon. A. J. McLaurin, to fill out the Hon. Edward C. Walthall's unexpired term; it notices, also, the resignations of Representatives John R. Fellows and Abel P. Fitch of New York, and Charles T. O'Ferrall of Virginia, giving, at the same time, the successors of the former two. The Directory continues to be a clear and handy reference-book of the political and official life in Washington. (Government Printing Office.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"*Francis Bacon the Author of Shakespeare.*"—This is the title of a pamphlet of a hundred pages by Mr. George James, who says in his preface, that, while he believes Bacon to be the author of the plays, he refrains from "defaming the character of the dead" and "avoids as far as possible any reflections on that great name"—that is, Shakespeare's. How much that name is worth, after all that makes it great is transferred to another, he leaves us to judge. It is something, however, not to add insult to injury by slandering a man after robbing him, as Donnelly did in making Shakespeare a boor and a sot. There is nothing new in the way of argument in Mr. James's discussion of the subject. (Hartford, Conn.: American Pub. Co.)

"*The Temple Edition of 'The Tempest.'*"—This initial volume of the new pocket edition of Shakespeare more than fulfils the promises of the prospectus. It is not only the most elegant of its "miniature" class, but it surpasses all its predecessors in the amount of illustrative matter furnished in addition to the text. An introduction of five pages gives the history of the play—the

date, sources, scene and duration of action, etc.; and a double-columned glossary of eight pages, with four pages of longer notes, is appended. A photogravure reproduction of the Droeshout portrait, with Ben Jonson's verses thereupon, is prefixed to Walter Crane's ornamental title-page. The text and line-numbers are those of the "Globe" edition. Paper, print and binding are much better than the low price (a shilling in England, forty-five cents here) would justify us in expecting. (Macmillan & Co.)

A Chester Illustration of a Joke of Shakespeare's.—Dr. Furnivall has been lately collecting material for a book on Child Marriages in England, to be issued by the Early English Text Society; and he has found much curious information on the subject in the Chester Diocesan Registry. Incidentally he has come across sundry illustrations of Shakespeare, and one of these he sends to the *Academy* for March 3. Mr. Price, the chief clerk of the Registry, called his attention to an entry in the records that "one of Shakespeare's jokes in 'The Shrew' was but a matter-of-fact statement of an event that might have happened under his own eyes." Dr. Furnivall goes on to say:—"Hitherto we have always thought that Shakespeare was poking fun at us when he made Biondello say, in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' IV. i. 95-6, 'I knew a wench married in an afternoon as shee went to the Garden for Parsley to stuffe a Rabit'; but Mr. Price's case shows us that this might easily have happened: the gardener or some man trothplighted her on the spot, then retired with her to a secret place, and the 'perfect Matrimony before God' (as Cranmer and his Doctors call it) was accomplished."

The case is that of John Cotgreve, a clergyman of St. Peter's, Chester, and Alice Gidlowe, who, during his absence from Cheshire, married Thomas Belen. The reverend gentleman deposed, on the 6th of February, 1549-50, that, some years previous, he had been formally betrothed to the said Alice. This, according to the ecclesiastical law of the time, was a bar to marriage with any other person, unless by mutual consent, and it was often assumed to confer all the rights and privileges of marriage. The ceremony took place when the clergyman was escorting Alice home one evening "after they had made merry the same day," and several men of the party were going the same road. When passing a certain "vacant house or a barn where no man did dwell at that time," he with evil intent urged her to enter it with him; but this the discreet young woman would not do, "except he would at that time promise to marry her." Thereupon he asked their companions to be witnesses to a contract between them; "and so there and at that present time, and before the persons specified, he took the said Alice by the hand, speaking these words, 'I, John, take thee, Alice, to my wedded wife; and thereto I plight thee my troth'; whereunto the said Alice, immediately then and there answering, said, 'I, Alice, take thee, John, to my husband; and thereto I plight thee my troth'; and so they two kissed together." The other persons, after being desired to "bear record of this contract when they should be called thereunto," left the betrothed pair and went on their way homeward. The affair seems to have been kept secret afterwards, but the reverend John regarded Alice as his wife. She nevertheless, while he "was absent and forth of the country," married the aforesaid Thomas Belen. John deposes that "if he had been present at that time, he would have forbidden the same for his conscience' sake."

The case has an interest as illustrating, not only the "Twelfth Night" joke, but the fact that in Shakespeare's day this formal betrothal or "pre-contract" was often regarded as virtually equivalent to marriage. Shakespeare introduces the ceremony in at least seven of his plays: "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night," "The Winter's Tale" (twice), "Much Ado," "Measure for Measure" and "King John." In "Twelfth Night," Olivia, who has been betrothed to Sebastian (some critics have strangely mistaken the ceremony there for marriage), addresses him as "husband," and justifies herself by appealing to the priest before whom the ceremony had been performed, with the understanding that it was to be kept secret until the marriage should take place. Similarly, Robert Arden, the poet's maternal grandfather, in a legal document, calls his daughter Agnes the wife of the man to whom she was doubtless betrothed, though not married until three months afterwards. Mr. Hallewell-Phillipps believed that Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway were thus betrothed several months before their marriage. Violation of the pre-contract was punished by the ecclesiastical law with excommunication; and this penalty was not abolished in England until the time of George II.

MR. CHARLES ROBINSON of *The North American Review*, who is a warm supporter of the administration, has written in the May *Chicago Magazine* an article on the threatened disruption of the dominant party, entitled "President Cleveland and the Democracy."

Thackerayana

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In bibliography we are sure of nothing. *Perhaps* this may be the first publication of one of the little pieces by Thackeray, mentioned by Mr. Dickson in your issue of March 24. I quote from *The Southern Literary Messenger*, November, 1853, page 709, in the Editor's Table, written by John R. Thompson:—"The following characteristic verses of Thackeray have been lying for some months in a portfolio of literary autographs in our possession. They were written by him one morning last spring at our editorial table, during a call he made us, and they have afforded amusement to many friends who have read them in MS. It is curious to see how briefly and comically the satirist tells the sentimental story of the 'Sorrows of Werther'—which Mr. Thompson thereupon quotes in full.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN., 27 March, 1894.

F. E. M.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Mr. Dickson (*The Critic*, March 24) "knows of no venture [of a reprint of a book by Thackeray] before 1852." He may like to learn that an edition of "The Irish Sketch Book" was published by Winchester, New York, 1843.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., March 27.

W. M. GRISWOLD.

[MR. GRISWOLD did not quite catch my meaning. I said "I know of no venture [of a reprint of Yellowplush other than the Carey & Hart edition of 1838] before 1852." Mr. Griswold puts it "of a reprint of a book by Thackeray." I give a memorandum of works by Thackeray published in America before 1852:—

"The Yellowplush Correspondence." Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1838.

"The Irish Sketch Book." New York: J. Winchester, 1844. (? 1843); again in 1847.

"Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Cairo." New York: Wiley & Putnam, 1846.

"Vanity Fair." New York: Harpers, 1848; again in 1849.

"Pendennis," in 8 parts. New York: Harpers, 1849-50; again, in 2 vols., 1849-50.

"The Great Hoggarty Diamond." New York: 1848 [? 1849]. "Stubbs' Calendar; or, The Fatal Boots," with 6 plates by Cruikshank. New York: Sturgis & Townsend, 1850.

PHILADELPHIA, April 4, 1894.

F. S. DICKSON.]

A Chat with Beatrice Harraden

ONE SOMETIMES HESITATES to meet a writer in whose work one has become interested, for fear of being disillusioned. You picture what you expect a favorite author to be like, and if the author does not realize the picture, you are disappointed. This being the case, it was with no little hesitation that I availed myself of the kind permission of Miss Beatrice Harraden to call upon her at the house of her friends, Dr. and Mrs. White, at Tuckahoe, near Yonkers. A portrait of Miss Harraden, taken in cap and gown, was not altogether reassuring, and I rather prepared myself for meeting a "blue-stocking," though I could scarcely reconcile the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night" with that terrible phenomena. I may say at once that she does not look at all like the portrait in question, and that she is not in the least like a blue-stocking. Less than an hour's ride over the Harlem road, past Bronxville—a small settlement with something of a literary atmosphere,—brought me to Tuckahoe, a place, to my shame be it said, I had never heard of before its connection with Miss Harraden. A commonplace enough little village it is, clustering around the railway station, and its only "hack" driver had to be hunted out of a near-by saloon. When found, he proved to be an amiable young man with no disposition to overcharge, who drove us safely up the steep hills, over well-made roads bordered with well-kept stone fences, to the cosy home of Dr. White—a delightful spot with all the pleasures of the country and certain city advantages thrown in: green lawns, fruit trees, flowers, and neighbors near enough to call upon, if wanted, but far enough not to be in the way; an unpretentious house, with plenty of room and every evidence that Comfort rather than Fashion is the god the family worships. No Queen Anne architecture has played havoc with the simple lines of the old house, but the modern hand is noticeable in the polished-wood floors and bright rugs. Dr. White, who was raking the lawn in front of the house as we approached, gave us a hospitable welcome, and when we were shown into the drawing-room, redolent of the burning logs that sputtered and flamed on the fireplace, he called "Beatrice" from another room.

She appeared almost instantly—"Bernardine," "Little Brick," Miss Harraden, whichever you choose to call her. I was glad to see that she bore no traces of invalidism beyond a slight frame; but that may hold even the strongest constitution. She is small

and dark, a "nutte browne mayde," with short curling hair and dark eyes whose varied expressions are not concealed behind the glasses that she is obliged to wear. Her manner is simple, cordial and unaffected. Why, I have known "poets" whose verses have been rejected by every editor in the country much more impressed with their own importance than is this young girl, whose first novel made her instantly famous in two hemispheres. Miss Harraden declined all overtures from interviewers in London. She objects to the interviewing process, but, having come to the country that originated it, she could not refuse to chat a bit about herself, when I told her how many people there are that feel an honest interest in her and her career. Then I asked her about "Ships that Pass in the Night," whether it was written without any previous training, or whether she had tried her 'prentice hand on other things.

"Indeed yes," she replied, "I have always written more or less. Even when I was at school and college I wrote, and some of my writings were published. After I left college I did hack work for a publishing-house—condensed histories of Greece and Rome into three pages of small magazine type, but it was excellent training." It was good training, decidedly, but it was hard work, also, and the girl, never strong at best, broke down. After two or three years of painful and discouraging illness, during which she lost the use of her right hand, she got well enough to work again, but thought that some other thing than writing would be good for her. She suggested a book-store or a grocery shop to her doctor, but he only laughed at her and said that writing was the only kind of work that would do her any good. So she took up the pen again, first with one hand, then with the other, and thus she wrote "Ships that Pass in the Night." From chapter to chapter she moved, never knowing till she wrote it down how the story was going to develop. She writes slowly, with infinite pains, and never rewrites a line. Her manuscript is as clean as a bookkeeper's page, though not written in a bookkeeper's hand. The writing is small and the touch very light, and, while a thoroughly literary hand, it is neat and perfectly legible. If she has to make an addition, she cuts out the corrected half of the page and pins in little sheets containing the new paragraphs. When "Ships," as she calls it, was written, she took it to Mr. Blackwood, who had published some of her stories in his magazine, but he thought that it was too pessimistic, yet added that, if it was in three volumes instead of one small one, he would publish it! Miss Harraden was then advised to try a young house and offered the manuscript to Lawrence & Bullen, who accepted it at once. "I have called it 'Ships that Pass in the Night,'" wrote Miss Harraden to her publishers, "but that is only the name of one of the chapters. I have no name for the book as yet." "You could not have a better name for the book," wrote back Mr. Lawrence, or Mr. Bullen, and so it was named. The name certainly is a happy one. The lines suggesting it:—

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence."

occur in Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," in "The Theologian's Story."

Miss Harraden was good enough to show me the manuscript of a new novel upon which she is now engaged. She has written about a hundred pages—large pages of what in the trade is known as "letter size." The story is unnamed thus far—and I believe that the plot has not yet unfolded itself in the author's mind. She is getting on with it slowly, and does not expect to finish it in less than eight or nine months. The same trouble that prevents her from using the pen with any degree of comfort prevents her from using the type-writing machine. She bought one and tried it, but had to give up its use. Difficult as it is for her to use the pen, she finds it easier than the machine, the noise of which, also, she found very wearing. One of the greatest deprivations brought about by her paralysis is that she cannot play the 'cello for more than ten minutes at a time. She is devoted to music, as her stories show, and finds it very hard to have to give up the instrument of her choice. But she makes the best of things, I am inclined to believe, and does not spend much time in bemoaning her fate. I found in Miss Harraden that keen sense of humor which I find in her stories. Her eye is quick to detect the humor of a situation, and that is a great safety-valve. It helps one over the rough places that lie in the paths of most of us.

She was not inclined to talk much about her success, though she frankly expressed her pleasure at it. As her book had passed through thirteen editions in England and even the Queen had written to Mr. Blackwood to inquire about "At the Green Dragon" (which is one of her best stories), she was fairly sure that she was known to a good many people in her own country; but she was surprised, and also pleased, to find her name recognized by a New York custom-house official, who told her that nothing but a stern

sense of duty made him even raise the lids of her trunks; that he thought so much of her book that he disliked to do anything in an official capacity with her luggage; and that, if he had his way, the freedom of the city would be presented to her. On Wednesday, if she carried out her program, Miss Harraden started for California. There her friends are impatiently awaiting her coming, and have got her a pony to ride and built her a "den" to write in. As they are the friends in whose house in England she wrote "Ships that Pass in the Night," it is more than likely that she will finish the new story on their ranch, as they seem to have an inspiring effect upon her literary work.

Miss Harraden comes of a gifted family. Her father, Samuel Harraden, with whom and her mother she lives at Hampstead Heath, high up over London's smoke and fog, is an East India agent. Besides being an omnivorous reader, he is a lover of music and science. Her brother and sisters are writers and musicians and have published verses and songs. Beatrice is the youngest daughter. She was first educated in a private school in St. John's Wood; then, after spending some months in Dresden with her mother, she entered Cheltenham College. From Cheltenham she went to Queen's College, London, and afterward to Bedford College. At the age of twenty-one she took her degree at London University, having gone out in classics and mathematics. Languages come very readily to her, and she took honors at the University in German. During her school and college life she wrote, and studied the violoncello. So her life, though short, has been a busy one—too busy for her own good,—but there is no telling what the rest and change of her American trip will do for her. If the best wishes of her many admirers could restore her to health and strength, she would return from California a veritable Hebe.

J. L. G.

The Lounger

I AM ABOUT to present to the Postmaster-General a petition that the word "Mail" be stricken from the letter-boxes throughout the country. All who sympathize with me in my desire to remedy a great wrong, will confer a favor by sending their names and addresses to the office of *The Critic*.

The English Illustrated Magazine has been serving up Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson to its readers in one of a series of "Morning Calls." In the course of the interview Mr. Stevenson says:—"The pictures they publish of me vary considerably; they represent every type from the most god-like creatures to the criminal classes, and their descriptions of me vary in proportion—from a man with a noble bearing to a blighted boy. I do not mind what they say, as a rule," Mr. Stevenson added, "only, I did object when somewhere in the States an interviewer wrote, 'a tall willowy column supported his classic head from which proceeded a hacking cough.' I could not forgive that." One could hardly blame Mr. Stevenson for taking exception to this paragraph; he might also, I think, take exception to some of the portraits printed of him in the article in question. The one in which he is represented propped up in bed has only the vaguest resemblance to him; it is an entirely different type of face, and it might as well be anybody else.

IN "MARCELLA" Mrs. Humphry Ward speaks frequently of *The Labor Clarion*, the organ of the rather shaky branch of the labor party supported by Harry Wharton. Now it seems that there is a *Clarion* published in England, which is also a labor paper, and the editor is not happy that the name by which his organ is known is the one Mrs. Ward chose as typical of a very unpleasant feature of the labor movement.

SIGNORA DUSE is again in London, where she seems to be having a greater success than she did on her first visit to that city. I do not know how great the pecuniary success is, but there seems to be but one voice among the critics. This could hardly be otherwise, for Duse is an actress in a million. She is now being managed by Mr. Goerlitz, who was the very successful manager of Paderewski's last tour in America. Mr. Clement Scott wrote what he calls an "appreciation" of Duse for a recent number of *The Sketch*; in this he alludes to her horror of the interviewer. We all know how cleverly she avoided that ubiquitous personage in this country, and it seems that she is doing the same in England. She once said to a friend:—"The public I belong to every evening from seven to eleven; for the rest, I am a woman like every other woman, who has a right to live by herself." Mr. Scott says that one may occasionally meet Duse on her lonely rambles in the quiet thoroughfares of London. She has very few intimate friends, and "her chief pleasure is to walk alone, noting humanity and manners as she passes by; there she goes, striding along in her box coat, like a

man in a hurry, dressed very plainly, usually in black, with the dress fitting tight to the figure, without any rings or ornaments, save a long silver chain to which her household keys are attached, with a man's English watch in her pocket, and an Englishman's cane in her hand—that is the great actress, Eleonora Duse, observing mankind and studying character." Mme. Duse has succeeded Mr. Daly's Company in Daly's London Theatre.

* * *

MR. AUBREY BEARDSLEY, the art editor of *The Yellow Book*, writes to *The Pall Mall Budget* in defence of his title-page to that extraordinary volume:—

"So much exception has been taken, both by the press and by private persons, to my title-page of *The Yellow Book*, that I must plead for space in your valuable paper to enlighten those who profess to find my picture unintelligible. It represents a lady playing the piano in the middle of a field. Unpardonable affectation! cry the critics. But let us listen to Bonnet:—'Christoph Willibald Ritter von Glück, in order to warm his imagination and to transport himself to Aulis or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a field. In this situation, with his piano before him and a bottle of champagne on each side, he wrote in the open air his two "Iphigenias," his "Orpheus," and some other works.' I tremble to think of what the critics would say had I introduced those bottles of champagne! And yet we do not call Glück a *dicadent*."

* * *

If the bottles of champagne had been introduced by Mr. Beardsley, I could see the reason for the eccentricity of the lady with the crack down her back, but without them, I see no reason for her mental derangement, unless, perhaps, she had a copy of Mr. Oscar Wilde's "Salome" with Mr. Beardsley's illustrations in her possession. A careful study of that fearfully and wonderfully made book might drive a person to do anything, even to playing the piano out in a cornfield. My theory in regard to Mr. Beardsley is, that he is a practical joker; I believe he is laughing in his sleeve at the serious way his art is being taken by a number of young men in London. He is undoubtedly clever, and may some day do really good work. When he is intentionally humorous in his drawings, he is very funny, and I am inclined to think that he means to be funny when some of his admirers think that he is entirely serious; for instance, in the last illustration of "Salome," in which she is being dropped into a powder-box, with a powder-puff lying conveniently by to press her down with.

* * *

The Speaker learns with "surprise and incredulity that both Mudie's and Smith's have refused to add Mr. George Moore's new novel, 'Esther Waters,' to their libraries. It is difficult to know upon what possible ground they can have arrived at this very foolish decision. Mr. Moore speaks plainly upon many subjects, and on some we are not prepared to deny that he uses a plainness of speech which is not altogether agreeable. But no one can pretend that 'Esther Waters' is in any sense of the word an immoral book." I suppose that Messrs. Mudie and Smith thought it was time to draw the line somewhere, and they drew it at 'Esther Waters.' The time was, and that not so very long ago, either, when, if I remember aright, Mr. Moore's novels were not even allowed to be published in England, and he was obliged to do what Oscar Wilde did with "Salome"—go to France to publish them. He has gained a point in getting his books into the language, so he should not grumble because the libraries refuse them. The amount of erotic literature published nowadays is past belief, and the worst of it is that the writers are mostly women. A publisher told me not long ago that he does not know what the women are coming to. They invade his private office with manuscripts under their arms, and, after trying vainly to close the door—he has it fastened wide open,—ask him in husky whispers if he dare publish an immoral book. He says emphatically "No," and after a glare of disgust or a smile of pity they leave him. I think that he is really afraid of them. There was a look of fear in his eye when he spoke of them, and then, the firm way in which that door is fastened back shows a man who would not have the courage of an "advanced" author's convictions.

* * *

REFERRING TO A PARAGRAPH in this column, last month, Mr. W. H. Bishop writes to me from Yale:—"Who was more prompt than I to recognize your merit in drawing attention to the cheap farms, rose-color them as you would? Didn't I say: 'The genial "Lounger," who deserves well of the abandoned farm, so far as the interest of literary men, etc. (See *April Century*, p. 922)? You quoted the words in your own columns. If I thought you 'deserved well' of the abandoned farm, do you think I meant to represent the farms as 'a delusion and a snare' and to set people

against them? On the contrary, I want people to go and live in that way; I came near doing it myself. Only, I think it is better that they should go with their eyes open and know clearly what is before them. The case reduces itself simply to this: Either you get a large, sterile, lonesome tract of land, with a tumble-down shanty upon it, for a small price; or, if you want something better, you pay about the ruling market-price of the farms round about. What I object to is their being called 'abandoned farms' and romanced upon in unwarranted sentimental fashion. As well talk of the abandoned brown-stone houses that chance to stand vacant at any one time in New York, or of the abandoned horses, bicycles or cameras that may be for sale. There are cheap farms, that is all; and I dare say that, from the point of view of city people (who in general know nothing about the prices of such things), they have pretty much always been cheap.

"I THINK I RECOLLECT the particular farm you mention. It was high up, on a long, fatiguing hill, which might suit some tastes but did not suit mine; the cellar of the house, owing to defective drainage, was full of water; the trout-brook was about a mile away, and you had but three rods of it, while the 'inexhaustible spring of delicious water' did not rise in the property itself, but outside of it, by the public road. It is true, the town authorities might never do anything to interfere with one's use of it, but then again they might; it is a risk that one would take. As to the price, my statement was that it had advanced by various stages from \$1300 to \$2500. You say that it can still be had for \$1500. Does this prove that I am wrong? Please bear in mind that the panic has come in since then—it was a year ago; and the owner may have come down again in his sliding scale. They said the owner was a grumpy sort of man who wanted to sell cheap when he quarrelled with his neighbors, but when he didn't quarrel with his neighbors he didn't want to sell at any price. My informant as to the price was a most amiable friend in the neighborhood, who had made personal inquiries. And do you really maintain that it is a proof of the existence of abandoned farms that your recent correspondent has hired twenty-eight acres of land and a farmhouse for \$200 a year? Why, Kate Sanborn, as you must know, got hers for \$40 a year; and I think there was more land. I speak at a venture, but I fancy that \$200 is a fair interest on all the money the place was ever worth. That is not my idea of 'abandonment.' You have no doubt seen the time when you would have given half a dollar for a glass of ice-water or a match to light your cigar; but you wouldn't quote ice-water and matches in general as reasonable at that rate. There is more of my heresy in the *May Century*."

London Letter

THERE IS STILL BUT ONE EXCITEMENT in the literary world of London; indeed, it is wonderful how widely the circles go on increasing when once one throws a stone to break the water's usually crystal surface. For a whole week the papers have discussed nothing, the club luncheon-tables become animated over nothing, but the so-called boycotting of Mr. George Moore's "Esther Waters" by Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son. The Society of Authors has decided, very wisely, to leave the matter alone; and so it has relinquished the field to the interviewer and the private person. Both alike have been busy. Several shorthand writers have attended at the office of Mr. Faux, the head of Smith's library, and come away, after diligent conversation, very little wiser for the interview, but with the indisputable admission that "Mr. Moore is a very clever fellow; but his book has blemishes." Thence, just stopping to drop his copy with the printer, the reporter has fled to Mr. Moore's sanctum in King's Bench Walk, and has found that ill-used author prepared (apparently) to take himself very seriously as the martyr of the hour, ready—he himself has said it—to submit his blemishes to a competent body of critics, but determined never, never, never to be the slave of a circulating-library and its subscribers. And then the private persons—oh! those private persons. Dr. Conan Doyle stalks into the arena, armed cap-à-pie with the arrow-proof mail of a style and subject as foreign to Mr. Moore's as North is to South, and challenges the boycotters, in the pages of *The Daily Chronicle*, to point out the blemishes, which to him are beauties. And anon, Madame Sarah Grand sends a daintily perfumed note from the wilds of Kensington, patting Mr. Moore on the back, and protesting that, though she has never met him, "she loves him for his work." Lots of lesser fry follow, of course, and bark and bite and grumble and fill the papers with columns of free copy, and advance the whole matter not one single inch towards a decision. And, after all, how amusing it all is to an outsider, and what an excellent advertisement for Mr. Moore's masterpiece.

It becomes truer every week that whatever else is certain, no man can ever say what will make or mar the fortunes of a play. Good pieces fail every month, and bad ones succeed, and nobody knows the why or wherefore. Last Saturday night a piece was produced at St. James's Theatre, from the pen of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, which the critics of Monday morning proclaimed with one accord to be the great success of the coming season. Mr. Clement Scott lost all touch with the English language in the paroxysms of his admiration, and the other papers came tumbling after with all the eulogies of the dictionary. And yet, the two situations of "The Masqueraders" (so is the new play named) are as forced and unnatural as the wildest fancy could imagine. In one, the hero, a dreamy and amorous astronomer, joins with the villain, a dissolute baronet, in a gross amateur auction, conducted during a county hunt-ball, in which auction the heroine's kiss is put up for sale and knocked down to the highest bidder. In the other, the same hero, who is held up as an object for our sympathy, stakes his fortune against the heroine and her child (she has meanwhile married the dissolute baronet), and the two men cut the cards three times for the stakes, the hero winning, and leaving, then and there, with the lady in evening dress and the child snatched from its cradle, for his home in the hills, where these two propose to satisfy the love that has cleverly evaded divorce. It is incredible that such stuff as this should go down with London critics; but so it has proved. The house is filling nightly, and the play is talked about as a fitting successor of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." The whole thing is a caricature of life, and succeeds. "Mrs. Lessingham," which, with all its faults, at least represented human nature, fails. Truly, it is impossible for a manager to forecast success.

The last week of the present month will be interesting for the sale of a very valuable collection of books, which formed part of the library of the late Ford Madox Brown. Many of these were presentation copies, and bear autograph inscriptions, among the authors so represented being Swinburne, William Morris, Rossetti, Philip Bourke Marston, Arthur O'Shaughnessy and Thomas Gordon Hake. Perhaps the most precious volumes are a copy of the first edition of Blake's "Marriage of Heaven and Hell" and one of the twenty copies printed of John Payne's "Book of the Thousand and One Nights." There ought to be some high bidding.

A book that is sure to arouse interest is to be published shortly by Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., in the shape of a novel by Olivia Shakespeare, entitled "Love on a Mortal Lease." Mrs. Shakespeare is not as yet known as an author, but most people have been aware for some time that she had inclination, and a genuine talent, in that direction. She is a great friend of Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes"), who has, perhaps, persuaded her to seek publicity. Mrs. Shakespeare is a lady of singular personal beauty, and at *The Yellow Book* dinner, when she sat on Mr. George Moore's left, Mrs. Craigie being upon his right, everyone who did not know her was inquiring her name. She is said to have an accomplished pen, and to be a keen student of life and character.

There was a small but friendly gathering at the club-night of the Authors' Club on Monday, when Dr. Ernest Hart, the editor of *The British Medical Journal*, was the man of the evening. Dr. Hart, whose personality reminds one of Mr. John Hare's clever portrait of a society physician in "A Fool's Paradise," gave a description of his experiences at Chicago, when he exposed several sham spiritualists and hypnotists. He has written an article on the subject, which is shortly to appear in *The Century Magazine*. Dr. Hart has for some while retired from professional practice, but, in the course of his editorial work, remains indefatigable in his efforts to expose every kind of medical fraud and imposture. He is a veritable thorn in the side of the quacks.

Mr. Norman Gale was recently reported to have foresworn limited editions forever, but the temptation to return to his old love seems too strong for him. Mr. George Ove of Rugby, his first publisher, is shortly to bring out a large-paper edition of "A June Romance," which will be restricted to forty copies. Each of these will contain an etched portrait of the author, by Mr. Herbert Dicksee. But—forty copies! It is absurd.

It was reported some weeks ago that Mr. Harry Furniss had left the staff of *Punch* and was about to set up an illustrated weekly of his own. Now, it seems, there was more in the separation than met the eye, and the question is to be discussed in the law-courts. Mr. Furniss claims money due to him for work done, and Mr. Burnand denies the obligation. What a chance the case will afford to that king of "judicial humorists," Mr. Frank Lockwood. His wit and his pencil will, doubtless, be sharpened for the occasion. But it is always a pity when such cases arise, and the public is let into the secrets of the office. It is said, too, that Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert have at last fallen out irrevocably, and that "Utopia" will be positively the very last product of their unparalleled collaboration. Meanwhile, *Punch* and the Savoy, with

their many patrons, will be the poorer for the two dissensions, and the only question is, who will be benefited? Let us hope some one. But the situation sets one performe

"Musing on the little gains of men,
And how they mar that little by their feuds."

LONDON, May 4, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

ONE OF THE MOST interesting occurrences in Boston during the past week has been the second National Convention of Working-Girls' Clubs, an event never before known to this city, and never but once in the history of any city. That, of course, was the Metropolitan. The objects, not only of last week's gathering, but of Working-Girls' Clubs in general, are concisely expressed in the opening address of Miss Edith M. Howes, President of the Massachusetts Association, who acted as Chairman of the Convention. "Men have met for years in solemn conclave to discuss grave questions," she said, "but only once before has a meeting like ours been held—a meeting of young working-women and their friends, organized for education (with all this word implies) and mutual helpfulness, who are learning, by personal contact and loving co-operation, self-government and their relations to the community about them." It is the further object of these Working-Girls' Clubs to keep always in mind the individual, and always the need of educated character. The club workers have proposed no great and definite social changes, but each club aims to supply to its members whatever is needed in the locality where it is organized, and whatever may be suggested by the conditions and circumstances that prompt the starting of such a club, whether it be a literary or educational circle, a social club, an athletic club, a mutual benefit society, or a lunch club. Miss Howes said that it might have been easier to arouse enthusiasm, if, when these clubs were established all over the country, an ideal community had been pictured as a result, showing that they had undertaken to bring about some definite reform in social affairs. But this movement, which began in Boston only a few years ago, was started more to supply the need among working-girls than to create any sensation or arouse any great enthusiasm among philanthropists. To show what these clubs have done, what truths they have realized, and what they are anticipating, was the motive of the numerous papers read at the Convention by official delegates sent from clubs in all parts of the country.

In a paper by Mrs. Kate W. Noble of Waterbury it was shown that the club is a most valuable instrument for arousing thought among girls, while Miss Mary R. Sanford of Troy, N. Y., spoke of the place of the woman of leisure in the club, maintaining that no woman who wishes to take a broad, true view of womanhood can go to a better school. At the club she sees women, whose every circumstance seems a wall of separation, achieving progress, cultivation and character in spite of discouragements and obstacles which seem insuperable to her whose pathway has been smooth from the cradle. A bright paper on domestic service was read by Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, who said that people start with the fiction that, because class lines ought to be abolished, therefore household science, when wrought by paid labor, is debasing. Yet the same labor, given freely as a matter of necessity by wife or mother, is ennobling. The extensive literary work of some of the Shakespeares and other reading-circles was set forth in papers by Miss Katherine E. Conway and others. A successful feature of the educational work of these clubs are the Home Culture Clubs, which were started by Mr. George W. Cable after he came from the South to make his home in Northampton. Mr. Philip J. Mosenthal of the University Settlement Society, New York, spoke of the "Social Relations between Clubs of Young Men and Clubs of Young Women." He said that those who, in America, would study social problems and strive for their solution must take into account factors which in other countries are of minor importance. In the southeastern quarter of New York are gathered together heterogeneous classes presenting problems for the solution of which history offers no precedent. In the newness of the club movement has been maintained what other civilizations have lost. The joint association in clubs of men and women is one of the most efficient agencies for the preservation of this ideal of mutually hopeful lives. One of the brightest papers of the Convention was that sent by Miss M. E. J. Kelly, known in the literary world as "Aunt Jane." In this paper—read by Miss O. M. Rowe, Secretary of the Massachusetts Association—"Aunt Jane" said that one of the greatest mistakes of the working-woman was trying to be twins when she wasn't, maintaining that no woman who works all day has either the physical or moral right to spend her evenings in making her own gowns, trimming her own hats, and doing the housework, and even the washing, for a good-sized family. *Far and Near*, the official organ of the Working-Girls' movement, was represented

by its editor, Miss Maria Bowen Chapin of New York. One of the most enthusiastic workers in the movement is Miss Emily Malbone Morgan of Hartford, Conn., who has leased a house at Saybrook, christening it "Headsease," where 150 working-girls go, each year, for a few weeks' outing. Miss Morgan is one of the editors of *Far and Near*, and also the author of a number of books, one of which is "The Little White Swallow." Her latest book is "The Madonnas of the Smoke; or, Our Mary's Meadow." The proceeds of Miss Morgan's writings are given to the clubs in which she is interested, and she is literally, by the wielding of her pen, the "chief bread-earner of a very large family," as she expresses it.

There were women as well as men—notable women and notable men—gathered at Mt. Auburn, last week, to pay a simple but warm-hearted tribute to the memory of Edwin Booth. On that day was dedicated the monument erected to the memory of the actor by his daughter, Mrs. Grossman, and with her stood by the grave Mrs. James T. Fields, Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Ole Bull, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, Joseph Jefferson, William Bispham, Prof. Pierce and others of prominence. The service included remarks by the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who spoke feelingly of Booth's unmeasured charities and high moral qualities, as well as of his marvellous power over audiences. What Lockhart said of Scott when he was dying, declared Mr. Hale, can be said of Edwin Booth:—"He never had said one word which could injure one of his fellow-men." The monument, unpretentious and modest in taste, as the actor himself would have desired it, consists of a Greek monolith of Tennesseean marble, about six feet high, and bearing on its face a large



bronze portrait of Booth in bas-relief, executed by Mr. F. Edwin Elwell of New York. Beneath the bas-relief is the following inscription:—

"Edwin Booth.
Born Nov. 13, 1833.
Died June 7, 1893."

"I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them and make them rejoice from their sorrow." JER. XXXI, 13.

On the reverse side, beneath the Greek symbols of comedy and tragedy, is the following:—

"The idea of thy life shall sweetly creep into my study of imagination, and every lovely organ of thy life shall come apparell'd in more precious habit, more moving-delicate and full of life, into the eye and prospect of my soul, than when thou lived'st indeed." SHAKESPEARE.

Pres. Eliot's proposition for the distribution of a man's time, as outlined in his recent talk before the Graduate Club on the arrangement of a student's day, is as follows:—"For sleep, eight hours; for healthy out-of-door exercise, two hours; for meals, three hours; for 'chores,' the incidental calls on one's time during the day, one hour, and for work, ten hours, these to include the time spent in lectures and library reading, and in passing from one form of occupation to another."

BOSTON, May 15, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

TWENTY-NINE PAINTINGS by Alexander Harrison are hung in O'Brien's galleries—an impressive collection. They show us once more the fertility of this man's genius, his easy mastery of problems that have baffled many a talented painter, his grasp of the relations of sky and water and their effect one upon another, his imaginative realism, his subtlety. Mr. Harrison stands very near the head of his profession, and there is no man living who has shown more sympathetically than he certain moods of the ocean.

In the present collection there are two or three marines that are as beautiful as anything he has ever painted. One of them is an impression of silvery moonlight falling aslant along the beach and quiet waves—an impression absolutely true to the spirit of this elusive effect, and exquisitely poetic. Another reproduces a dark night upon the water and the signals of a coming storm. The waves are purple under the light of the dull red moon hanging low on the horizon, which the sinister clouds threaten to engulf. Another shows the opaline colors which the sea sometimes captures from the sun, and still another its rare ambers and greens. In a large Brittany nocturnal marine the unseen moon is reflected in the wet sand on the shore—an original and lovely conception in this and in the curves formed by the slow, delicately colored waves. One of the most interesting things in the collection is a small study of "Fog" on the seashore, for, in spite of its dimness, there is a wonderful effect of distance through its shifting mists. Each of these marines is absolutely distinct from every other in atmosphere, and each reproduces with remarkable fidelity an effect in nature that many of us have known and loved. In these his art reaches its highest expression. He exhibits, also, some charming landscapes and several peaceful river views, but they have not the originality, nor the breadth and serenity, of his marines. It is curious that so artistic a painter should sometimes lose his grasp utterly. In his drawings of the nude (and he introduces a number of them into this collection) he is appallingly clever, fatally realistic. His delicate imagination seems, in almost every case, to drop away from him, and to leave him ineffective, unsheltered by his art. We turn from them to his marines for consolation, for repose.

He should have heard Mr. Brander Matthews's remarks at the Twentieth Century Club, the other evening. For in the course of a clever and graceful lecture on "The Conventions of the Drama," Mr. Matthews took occasion to plead for the imagination in art. He insisted that that faculty is quite as necessary to the realist as to the idealist, and suggested as a definition of art "the suppression of non-essentials." But it is just this that the professed realists seldom appreciate. It is only the greatest of them who have learned the art of selection, or even think it necessary to study it.

The Architectural Sketch Club is giving its first public exhibition at the Art Institute, and it makes an attractive display. The Club has been in existence for several years, and its members are chiefly the younger architects and draughtsmen, though the older men, too, have always taken an interest in its growth. Recently this Club and the Chicago Society of Artists have together leased a building on Michigan Avenue, which is now being fitted up for them. The present exhibition is a good beginning, and shows that in time the Club may provide a worthy rival for the exhibition of the Architectural League of New York, which is always one of the most interesting of the winter. In connection with it are exhibits of furniture, cast and wrought iron, stained-glass and painted china, though these are all less extensive than they should be. The collection of architectural designs contains some interesting features. Mr. Charles B. Atwood's design for the Art Institute competition is here, and, though it is less beautiful than his Art Building at Jackson Park, it has a fine and noble dignity. Jenney & Mundie's design for the New York Life Insurance building is simple and good, and S. S. Beman's, for a terminal station, has merit, though it seems labored and heavy. There are also good designs for a public library, by Patton & Fisher; for a charming country club-house, by Pond & Pond; and for a suburban residence in green stucco and wood, by Perkins & Selby. Several sketches in pencil, by R. C. Spencer, and in water-colors, by Ernest Albert and F. L. Linden, are also clever.

On the evening when the Sketch Club gave its reception, two bronze lions for the entrance of the Art Institute, modelled by Kemeys, were unveiled. They are the gift of Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, whose generosity to the Museum has been most delightful. They are ten feet in height, somewhat too large, in my opinion, for the size of the building before which they stand. But they are superb, majestic creatures, posed with the dignity of life, and handled by the artist with a skill worthy of his opportunity. The broad, free modelling of the mane is particularly fine, and the carriage of the haughty head in each of these beasts is royal. In the Sketch Club room inside the building a number of small models of Kemeys's work is exhibited. They show him to possess great talent in dealing with certain animals, and a fine comprehension, not only of their anatomy, but of their character. His rolling bear, especially, is an extremely clever piece of work. Mr. Kemeys has already won for himself a high place among American sculptors, and he is in a fair way to secure still greater honors.

Dr. Nicholas Senn of this city recently presented to the Newberry Library his valuable collection of medical books. It contains about ten thousand volumes, which were gathered together by Wilhelm Baum, Professor of Surgery in the University of Göttingen, and supplemented by Dr. Senn himself. Among them are many rare

and valuable books, which it would be impossible for the Library to duplicate. The collection is especially rich in works on the history of medicine and surgery. With this addition to its treasures the Newberry Library now contains a remarkable medical collection, this department being far more advanced towards completion than any other except the musical.

The selection of Mrs. Charles Henrotin of this city as President of the Federation of Women's Clubs, in Philadelphia, was a compliment to Chicago. Mrs. Henrotin was Vice-President and actual Manager of the Woman's Branch of the World's Congress Auxiliary, Mrs. Palmer, the President, being too much engrossed with other work to give much time to it. She proved herself a ready and clever speaker and an able executive, and will undoubtedly be both graceful and efficient in the line of work now marked out for her.

The season of concerts by the Chicago Orchestra under the direction of Theodore Thomas closed last Saturday. It has been far more successful than either of the previous seasons, and the latter half, especially, has fulfilled the greatest expectations. It is pleasant to know that, although New York has been trying to reap the benefit of the training given to the musicians here, the orchestra will give its usual series of concerts in Chicago next year. Indeed, it would be hard for us to endure the loss of so delightful a feature of life as these concerts have become. Mr. Thomas's work has been admirable, and he has evolved an orchestra which cannot be rivalled on this side of the water. His programs have been most satisfactory, and the catholicity of his taste, as well as the excellence of his judgment, is shown in the list of works performed during the season just passed. Mr. Thomas has the people with him, and he has led them up to an appreciation of the greatest music—no small achievement for one man. The enthusiasm with which he was greeted last week by the vast audience that completely filled the Auditorium was an evidence of genuine affection and admiration.

CHICAGO, May 15, 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

The Fine Arts

The Sunol "Columbus"

THE STATUE of Columbus, which was unveiled in Central Park on Saturday, is a copy of one at Madrid, by the Spanish sculptor, Sunol, who is almost as celebrated for his many statues of the great navigator as is Prof. von Lenbach for his numerous portraits of Bismarck. The figure is of the size of life, and represents the discoverer starting forward, flag in hand, to take possession of the new-found country. It is the gift of the Genealogical and Biographical Society of this city. It is in bronze, and stands nearly opposite the statue of Shakespeare, at the entrance of the Mall. It is to Gen. James Grant Wilson's efforts, we believe, that New York is indebted—so far as it is indebted to anyone—for this new "Columbus." Sojourning in Madrid, some time ago, he was favorably impressed by Sunol's statue, and felt that it would be a good thing to have a replica of it in this city. About 150 New Yorkers were found to concur in this view, and their contributions made possible the realization of his idea. It was fitting, therefore, that Gen. Wilson should preside at the unveiling, which was graced by the presence and participation of the Vice-President, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, the Mayor of the City, Cornelius Vanderbilt, the Italian Ambassador to the United States, Julia Ward Howe and Chauncey M. Depew. The Vice-President made a brief address, Bishop Potter offered a prayer, Mayor Gilroy accepted the statue in behalf of New York City, Mr. Vanderbilt read letters from the Duke of Veragua, Gov. Flower and the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop; Baron de Fava stood up and bowed, but was not feeling well enough to hazard a speech; Mrs. Howe read a poem—"A Mariner's Dream"—which she had written for the occasion; a few lines from the Spanish Minister were read by the Consul General of Spain; and the ceremonies were happily concluded with an oration by Mr. Depew—whose half-hour's exposure to the untempered rays of the sun recalled the sequel to the unveiling of the statue of Mazzini in the same park in 1878, when the orator of the day, the poet Bryant, was prostrated by a fatal sunstroke. A thousand people attended the unveiling.

The "Group Exhibition" of American Artists

THE LATE EXPERIMENT of the "Independents" has been followed by another and more important exhibition of like nature, which will remain open during the summer, at the galleries of the Fine Arts Society. Each of the artists concerned has hired as much wall-space as he wanted, and acted as his own hanging committee, keeping his pictures together and separated by intervals from those of his neighbors on either side. The effect is very good and the arrangement a convenient one for the visitor, who can study the works of any particular artist without going back and

forth from one gallery to another. We may, therefore, expect the plan to be adhered to in future exhibitions, whenever practicable. Mr. Wm. M. Chase has one of the largest, and also one of the most interesting, exhibits. His large pastel, "Good Friends," a young girl in white with a white greyhound in the middle of a shady green lawn, and a smaller pastel, "At the Window," a young woman in grey with a bit of grassy country road for background, are carried just so far as the painter was interested in carrying them, and not spoiled by the petulance that mars some of his works. Delightfully free from all affectation are his little mirror-like landscapes, views of park, garden and seaside. A determination to do something unexpected is evident in Mr. J. Alden Weir's two portraits opposite. That of Captain Zalinski, the inventor of the dynamite gun, is marked "unfinished," but is, perhaps, all the more interesting on that account. As it stands, it is a mosaic of small and large patches of color, very truthfully observed, both as local hues and as values. This has always been one of this artist's strong points, but has never been more marked than in the present work. The Captain (rather more than half-length) is standing by a table on which are an ink bottle, some books and other objects. Behind him hangs his military overcoat, the red lining of which forms a striking contrast with his dark-blue uniform. The features are well, though roughly, modelled, the hand merely laid in with a few well-placed touches. "Unfinished" as it is, the portrait is one of Mr. Weir's best works. That of a little girl hanging below it, though very effective at a proper distance, does not show such a firm grasp of the subject as a whole. It is quite as realistic in intention—the child's tanned face, her big bow of pale lilac ribbon and striped blue dress, may be said to furnish the motive—but it is not nearly so well realized. Some excellent portraits, somewhat in the present manner of Bonnat, are shown by Mr. Carroll Beckwith. Some of the best of our younger landscape-painters are very well represented. Of Mr. Bogert's poetical study of twilight "On the Seine," with ferryboats nearing the wharfs of a little town where lights are beginning to twinkle in the windows, is one of the most attractive. Mr. Dewey's "Through Sun and Showers" shows hills half lost in mist and a straggling row of trees in the bright green foliage of spring under a momentary effect of shower and shine. Mr. Coffin's "Rainy Day" cannot be too often seen or too much admired; and Mr. Joe Evans's conscientious paintings of apple-trees and roadside vegetation are interesting in themselves, while exciting curiosity as to what may come of such close study. Mr. Childe Hassam, who is always the same, whether surrounded by oaks or by bricks, has impressions of crowded Paris boulevards and the solitudes of New England country towns; and Mr. Curran, who has made himself the painter of the White City, reproduces its vanished glories in many charming little pictures. We shall be surprised if the exhibition does not prove one of the most popular resorts during the summer season.

New Pastes and Shapes in Decorative Glass

WHEN MYRRHINE VASES were the rage in Rome, a rich amateur, who was of Consular dignity, became so cracked about a certain cup made of that problematic substance, that he took a bite out of it in pure ecstasy of admiration. It was a period when Caligula made a favorite horse a Consul and Nero fiddled while his lieges burned; so that, for the period, the freakish conduct of this particular collector may not have been so very odd, after all.

Pliny's description of what myrrhine vases looked like reads as if they were carved out of opals; but the world has always placed them among objects made of an artificial material like glass. Some of Mr. Louis C. Tiffany's recent experiments in opalescent and colored glass, which are shown at the Tiffany Glass Co.'s rooms, suggest the ancient myrrhine question and that amiable maniac of a Roman who loved his cup so much that he had to bite its lip to express his feelings. Mr. Tiffany's new glass ranges from pure, transparent crystal to pieces as black as coal; from great, doubly bulbous flasks with little mouths, obviously things for decoration, not for use, to golden beakers of a Gothic stamp that remind one of the cup which the dying King in Thule drained for the last time and cast into the sea, lest any other hand should defile the gift of his beloved. That opalescence which seems to fit Pliny's description of myrrhine vases is very much to the fore. In some pieces the reflection is more green than blue; in others, blue rather than green; and in still others red is strong. Iridescences that recall, without equalling in delicacy of tone, the natural sheen of long-buried transparent glass, such as one sees at the Metropolitan Museum, shine from tumblers, flower-glasses, vases and twisted bottles. The old Egyptian dark glass, with wavy strata of lighter tones, is imitated pretty well; sometimes a piece which has had its surface roughened resembles those articles turned from lava which are offered to us at Naples, or else articles carved from obsidian. These are not intentional imitations; they came by chance. There are dull greenish-blue bottles in the shape of bladders, and pear-shap-

ed opalescent drops fitted for electric lights. There are beakers and shallow bowls of a crushed raspberry color, black vases of the high-shouldered sort; little irisy tumblers of the Venetian shape (copies of sixteenth-century glass), which have their sides pinched in; brown bowls with their smooth surfaces left, resembling glazed pottery; holders for single flowers, shaped like tulips just opening, and two-bulbed water-bottles of dark glass, with a swirl of white glass decoration on their sides, incorporated, not applied.

These varied and variegated objects in glass have been made under Mr. Tiffany's own supervision at the glassworks in Corona, L. I., and are the outcome of his experiments in colors and chemicals, aided by the junior Dr. Doremus. If none is so beautiful as to madden the beholder and tempt him to take a bite out of the rim, there are several in which a fine shape has been happily married to a good color. Vases, transparent but shot with pink or threaded with gold, and dark-brown flasks with ribs slightly lighter in shade, are really charming, and some small glasses for cut flowers are triumphs of taste. Mr. Tiffany is on the track of something very fine in colored glass, the natural result of his beautiful work in stained-glass windows. It is a lucky period when an artist of tried and approved powers sets himself to the task of improving glassware for interior decoration and the use of the table.

Art Notes

THE cornerstone of the new Corcoran Art Gallery, at Washington, was laid on May 10. Dr. James C. Welling of Columbia University, President of the Board of Trustees, delivered a brief address. Bishop Paret of Maryland offered prayer, and the ceremony of declaring the stone well and truly laid was performed by William Corcoran Eustis, a grandson of the philanthropist who founded the gallery.

—The sale of the Peoli art collection at the American Art Galleries was closed on May 12. The total amount for the five days' sale was \$20,206 for 2581 lots.

—The sixty-ninth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design was closed on May 12. Among the pictures sold were Henry O. Walker's "The Boy and the Muse," \$1000; David Johnson's "Landscape," \$1000; Harry W. Watrous's "My Lady Nicotine," \$575; Thomas Moran's "Morning in Venice," \$400; George H. Smillie's "A Gray Day," \$400; William Hart's "Landscape and Cattle," \$400; and Wordsworth Thompson's "A Colonial Homestead, New Jersey," \$400. The total amount of sales is \$16,000. In admission fees \$2500 was received, and the sale of catalogues brought \$1750.

—The annual exhibitions of students' work have taken place at the National Academy of Design and at the Brooklyn Art Schools. At the latter institution a few works by the instructors were also shown.

—The National Academy of Design elected the following officers at its annual meeting:—Thomas W. Wood, President; H. W. Robbins, Vice-President; J. C. Nicoll, Corresponding Secretary; George H. Smillie, Recording Secretary; James D. Smillie, Treasurer; Edwin H. Blashfield, H. Bolton Jones, Thomas Moran, James M. Hart, Olin L. Warner and Walter Shirlaw, members of the Council. The Havemeyer Travelling Scholarship of the Academy (\$750) was awarded to Harry M. Walcott of Rutherford, N. J. According to the conditions of this scholarship, he will go abroad to study, under the Academy's supervision.

—The small, artistically printed booklet containing the National Sculpture Society's constitution and list of members shows that 36 sculptors have been elected since the publication of the volume for 1893. The number of lay members is 165.

—The Garland collection of porcelains, which at present fills the gallery over the main hall of the Metropolitan Museum of Art (formerly occupied by the Moore collection and the porcelains belonging to the Museum), contains, along with many inferior specimens, some remarkable pieces. Among these is a large "mirror black" jar with decoration of magnolias, plum blossoms and Guelthers roses; a bowl, in the same case with this, of olive green, richly iridescent; several small pieces of the early Ming period, decorated in dull purple, stippled green and yellow on a greyish ground; four blue "hawthorn" jars and other pieces of blue and white of exceptional quality; and several cases full of rose-colored, blue "soufflé" and eggshell wares. The principal piece in a case full of specimens of ancient faience, and one of the most important in the collection, is a figure of the Goddess of Mercy in a grotto under a waterfall, attended by a blue parrot and an adorer who seems rejoiced to have discovered the divinity. In the opposite gallery, where were formerly the Cesnola glass and other antiquities, are now some of the tapestries belonging to the Museum, and the Vanderbilt and other collections of drawings and prints. The collections thus displaced, with many objects not yet exhibited, are being arranged in the new building, which will be re-opened in October.

The Drama

"Gudgeons"

THE NEW THREE-ACT COMEDY, "Gudgeons," written by Thornton Clark and Louis N. Parker, which has just been presented at the Empire Theatre, is worth a few lines of recognition, being a cleverly written and very amusing little piece. It was produced originally in London, and is a satire upon that particular kind of social parasites, common enough there, which, presuming upon the accident of birth, despises all forms of useful industry and finds subsistence at the expense of friends, dupes and tradespeople. The hero of the tale is a fashionable swindler, who tries to filch a fortune from the pockets of a rich but simple American, and almost succeeds, but is overtaken by the inevitable discovery. Of the plot it is unnecessary to speak, as it is exceedingly weak and improbable, but the dialogue is bright, crisp and entertaining throughout, and the characters of the swindling aristocrat and his confiding little wife, both of which are strongly reminiscent of James Albery's "Two Roses," are drawn with considerable skill. These parts are played uncommonly well by Henry Miller and Viola Allen, the performance of the former being particularly good, although a little deficient in suppleness and subtlety. Other important personages are played by W. Faversham, W. H. Crompton and Cyril Scott; the general representation is remarkably smooth and well-balanced. On the whole, "Gudgeons" is a good deal better than most of the plays produced so late in the season.

Henry Morley

PROF. HENRY MORLEY, LL.D., died at Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight, on May 14. He was born in London in 1822, and was educated in Germany and at King's College, London. He started in life as a physician, then kept a private school for two years, and after that went to London to become the editor of *Household Words* and *The Examiner*. From 1857 to 1865 he was English Lecturer at King's College, and from 1865 to 1889 Professor of English Language and Literature at University College, London; from 1878-1889 he held the latter Chair also at Queen's College. In 1870 he became examiner in English language, literature and history to the University of London; the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of Edinburgh in 1879; and from 1882 to 1889 he was the Principal of University Hall, London. The list of his works is a long one, including "Life of Palissy the Potter" (1852), a "Life of Jerome Cardan" (1854), "Life of Cornelius Agrippa" (1856), "Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair" (1857), "Fairy Tales" (1859-60), "English Writers before Chaucer" (1864-7), "Journal of a Playgoer, from 1857 to 1866" (1866), and a "Life of Clement Marot" (1870). He edited Steele and Addison's *Spectator*, and published "Tables of English Literature," "A Library of English Literature," and a sketch of "English Literature in the Reign of Victoria." In addition to these he edited "Florio's Montaigne," Boswell's "Life of Johnson," the sixty-three volumes of the "Universal Library," "The Carisbrooke Library" and "Cassell's National Library," founded in 1886. His literary labors include, also, a vast number of essays contributed to different periodicals, several volumes of lectures, and countless papers in the daily and weekly press.

Gouin's "First Lesson in French"

MESSEURS LES RÉDACTEURS DU CRITIC:—

La revue que vous faites, dans votre numéro du 14 avril, des nouveaux livres qui ont trait à l'étude des langues vivantes—du français en particulier—montre avec quel intérêt vous suivez tout ce qui se rapporte à cet enseignement. Vous avez un bon mot pour quiconque se mêle d'ajouter à la collection déjà bien grande (vous le confessez vous-mêmes) des grammaires ou "méthodes" à l'usage de ceux qui voudraient parler français. C'est charité grande. En comptant bien, on arriverait peut-être à trouver, aux États-Unis et en Angleterre, plus d'auteurs de grammaires françaises qu'en France. Le malheur est que "plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose." L'une de ces productions avait pourtant semblé nouvelle à bien des gens. L'auteur, selon eux, s'était séparé de la foule, avait quitté les sentiers battus. Et voilà que, jetant de côté pour un moment la mansuétude qui règne dans tout le reste de votre article, vous vous déclarez contre cet auteur. Vous niez son originalité, sa nouveauté, ce qui nous avait paru le distinguer des autres. Ce n'est, dites-vous, que la méthode Sauveur "à little dramatized." J'aurais retranché "à little." Eh bien! mais, n'est-ce rien cela? Shakespeare ne faisait pas autre chose. Les livres de M. Sauveur sont de fort bons livres. Dieu me garde d'en médire! Tout le monde en dit du bien, même ceux qui ne savent pas s'en servir. Et voilà justement le défaut de la cuirasse: Comment s'en servir? Le

mérite d'une découverte appartient autant à celui qui l'applique de la meilleure façon qu'à celui qui la fait. Les livres de M. Sauveur, entre les mains de bien des professeurs, ne sont pas des outils perfectionnés. J'en ai connu qui se contentaient d'en remettre un exemplaire à leurs élèves, leur faisaient lire une phrase à tour de rôle, ou bien une phrase chacun, selon le besoin, et ainsi de suite jusqu'au bout de l'heure, jusqu'au bout de l'an—ils auraient pu aller jusqu'au bout de la vie, sans chance aucune de voir jamais leurs élèves parler français. Il faut avouer que cette marche est tentante: les livres de M. Sauveur ont bien l'air de "Livres de Lecture." Avec le livre de M. Gouin, une marche différente s'impose: au lieu de lire, il faut nécessairement converser. Et comme l'auteur demande que l'action soit, autant que possible, jointe à la parole, il y a double chance pour le maître de captiver l'attention, et pour l'élève de voir les mots se graver dans sa mémoire. Cette méthode ne force pas seulement les élèves à parler, elle y force le professeur. Et c'est là un grand point. Il lui faut de toute nécessité préparer ses classes, payer de sa personne. La méthode Sauveur lui permet trop d'éviter cela, elle lui mâche trop la besogne. Ne pensez-vous pas qu'une méthode qui tend à former de bons professeurs en même temps que de bons élèves est une méthode digne de louanges? On ne peut arriver à bien parler une langue qu'en la parlant, *fabricando fit faber*. Toute méthode qui, dans l'enseignement des langues vivantes, tend à supprimer le livre et l'insipide lecture, et à les remplacer par une conversation entre le maître et l'élève, est un pas de plus vers le progrès. Le professeur et l'élève y trouvent à la fois plaisir et profit. *Omnia tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*. Permettez-moi d'ajouter en finissant que je ne connais M. Sauveur et M. Gouin que par leurs livres. Excusez mes longueurs et croyez-moi désireux de voir reconnue et adoptée la méthode qui offre les plus grandes chances de succès, quel que soit l'auteur ou le propagateur. Sans être l'un de vos abonnés, je suis l'un de vos plus assidus lecteurs, et, comme tel, vous prie d'agréer, Messieurs, l'assurance de ma parfaite considération.

PEACE DALE, R. L., le 20 avril, 1894. E. A. DELAUNAY.

[The reviewer is pleased to see that Prof. Delaunay agrees with him in his main contention—*i. e.*, the *unoriginality* of the so-called "Gouin Method." His letter is worth publishing as showing how one educated Frenchman views the Sauveur movement in modern languages.]

Notes

MR. HENRY B. FULLER, author of "The Chevalier of Pensleri Vani," "The Cliff-Dwellers," etc., sailed for Europe on Wednesday, and will spend the summer abroad, probably visiting Baireuth during the Festival. He has just finished a second novel of Chicago, in which he dwells less on the harsher and less agreeable phases of life in the inland metropolis than he did in "The Cliff-Dwellers," and more on what Mr. Ralph has termed "the gentler side" of that vigorous community. Mr. Fuller, by the way, is no less of a musician than of a man-of-letters, and has written the scores of at least half a dozen (unpublished) operas.

"The Phantoms of the Footbridge" is the title of a volume of short stories by Charles Egbert Craddock, to be published by the Harpers.

The death of Mrs. Henry E. Krehbiel in this city, last week, was heard of with regret by a wide circle of readers. Born at Birmingham, Conn., Mrs. Krehbiel was educated at Vassar, and became the assistant editor of *Wood's Household Magazine* before her college days were over. She edited *Golden Hours*, a magazine for children published in Cincinnati, and conducted a department of the Cincinnati *Weekly Gazette*. Many of her stories for grown folks were published in *The Independent*.

The London *Times* confirms *The Critic's* high estimate of Capt. Mahan's "Sea Power" books, pronouncing their author "the greatest living writer on naval history."

J. B. Lippincott Co.'s announcements include "The Light of Other Days," a new novel by Mrs. Forrester; "My Paris Note-Book," by the author of "An Englishman in Paris"; a new volume of army stories, by army officers, edited by Capt. Charles King, entitled "An Initial Experience, and Other Stories"; "The Manual of the Study of Handwriting and Documents," with especial reference to the methods to be employed for the detection of fraud, by Persifor Frazer; and a paper edition of Mrs. Alexander's "Found Wanting."

T. Y. Crowell & Co. will publish about June 1, Prof. Richard T. Ely's treatise on "Modern Socialism and Social Reform."

At a meeting of the Trustees of Columbia College, held on May 8, a general ground plan for the new university buildings was approved; and a gift of \$10,000 from President Low accepted, for the establishment of the Henry Drisler Classical Fund, for the bene-

fit of the departments of Greek and Latin. The College has been the recipient of a gift of \$500 from Mr. S. D. Babcock for the foundation of a fellowship, and the Trustees extended a vote of thanks. They also appointed Henry Rutgers Marshall, who has recently published a work on "Pleasure, Pain, and Aesthetics," Honorary Lecturer in Aesthetics; the Rev. Abraham Johannon was made Honorary Lecturer in the Oriental Languages; and A. C. Bernheim was made Lecturer on the Political History of the State and City of New York. Mr. Bernheim has been a prize lecturer at Columbia for the past six years, but now receives a permanent appointment. He is about to publish a volume containing the substance of his recent lectures in this field.

—"The Golden House," Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's new novel, will follow Mr. Du Maurier's "Tribby" as a serial in *Harper's Monthly*. "Tribby" will be finished in the August number.

—Mr. William Winter, the well-known dramatic critic, sailed for Europe on Wednesday of last week, to be absent four months. He is to spend most of the time in Scotland, and the *Tribune* has "little doubt that the many historical and literary associations of the land of the heather will inspire him to write another of those charming books for which he has become so famous."

—The portrait of Mr. Henry Harland, printed in our number of May 5, was reproduced from *The Sketch*.

—"The Ascent of Man" is the title of Prof. Henry Drummond's new book made up from his Lowell Lectures, which James Pott & Co. will publish early next week. In his preface Prof. Drummond says:—"Though its standpoint is Evolution and its subject Man, this book is far from being designed to prove that Man has relations, compromising or otherwise, with lower animals. Its theme is Ascent, not Descent. It is a Story, not an Argument."

—Mr. Hamilton W. Mable has not been engaged to edit an American edition of the London *Bookman*, notwithstanding our London correspondent's intelligence to the contrary.

—Among the books and prices at the fifth day of the Hennessey sale at Bangs & Co.'s rooms were "Plutarch," notes by W. W. Goodwin, introduction by R. W. Emerson, Boston, 1870, 5 vols., \$12.50; Benson J. Lossing's "Pictorial History of the Civil War," Philadelphia, 1866, \$9; and James Riker, Jr.'s "Annals of Newtown, L. I.," \$12. M. O'Connor's "Irish Roman Catholics," with 160 extra plates, brought \$25, and H. O'Brien's "Round Towers, Freemasonry, Sabatism and Buddhism Connected," 1834, \$10.

—"Chaperoned: a Brief Page from a Summer Romance," a summer-book written especially for women, will be published by the Cassell Pub. Co. in its Unknown Library. The author, it is said, is a New York journalist.

—At the annual meeting of the Trustees of Barnard College, the Treasurer announced that for next year's expenses \$30,000 would be needed, besides \$500,000 for the erection of a new college building. A large gift, he added, has been promised for this fund. Mrs. A. A. Anderson was elected Trustee in place of ex-Judge Noah Davis, resigned; all the other officers were reelected. The pupils of Miss Annie Brown's school offered an Ella Weed Memorial scholarship to the College.

—"The Care of Children" is the name of a book for young mothers, by Elisabeth Robinson Scovil, Superintendent of the Newport Hospital, to be published by Henry Altemus, early in June.

—Leopold Sacher-Masoch, who died at Lindheim on May 6, was born in 1835. He was an historian, an enemy of the German Empire, and the champion of the Polish Jew. Among his works are "Der Aufstand in Ghent unter Kaiser Karl V.," "Ungarns Untergang und Maria von Esterreich," "Kaunitz," "Prussians of To-day," "Jews and Russians," "Idyls," "Hadaska," "Sacha and Saschka," "Siren," and "Ueber den Werth der Kritik," the latter a work on literary criticism.

—Prof. Francis Brown of the Union Theological Seminary sailed for Europe this week. For some years past he has spent his summers at Oxford, at work on a new English version of the Hebrew Scriptures.

—Funk & Wagnalls announce "Isabella of Castile," by Major-Gen. O. O. Howard, and "John Brown and His Men," by Col. Richard J. Hinton—the final volume of the American Reformers Series. They have just published a second edition of the first volume of their "Standard Dictionary of the English Language."

—A. H. of New Orleans, referring to a note in our issue of April 28, writes:—"M. L. and other readers of *The Critic* may be interested in learning that 'Twas off the blue Canaries'—probably known to all college boys as 'The Last Cigar'—was written by Joseph Warren Fabens, a New Englander who spent much of his life in the U. S. Consular service in South America and the

West Indies, and who died in 1875. His poems, including this college song, were published by his widow in 1885, in a volume of 58 pages, prefaced by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. The dedication implies that the verses were written during Mr. Fabens's college days at Harvard and Andover—that is, prior to 1845."

—Gounod's widow, his son and son-in-law are preparing a memorial volume on the great composer, which will consist of the fragmentary manuscripts he left behind, some of them being of an autobiographical nature, and of a part of his correspondence.

—A portrait of Celia Thaxter, the poet and gardener of Apple-dore, Isle of Shoals, forms the frontispiece of the *May Book News*.

—The following notes relate to the Cornell University Library:

—"You have probably heard of ex-President Andrew D. White's gift of the Spinoza Collection. It is a very fine collection, numbering about 450 volumes, and includes an interesting assemblage of portraits of Spinoza. There is a complete series of the collected editions of Spinoza's works. Of the 'Tractatus Theologico-Politicus,' there are the four different editions, or rather impressions, of the year 1670, in which it was first published. The collection of commentaries, biographies and critical monographs is remarkably rich. The Dante collection continues to increase, through Prof. Willard Fiske's generosity. The catalogue of the Rhetoromanic collection is all in type, and there has been received from Prof. Fiske an introductory note, telling briefly how the collection was formed."

—Mr. Frank H. Scott, President of the Century Co., declared at the dinner of the Quill Club, on May 8, that *The Century* published last year 396 articles by 324 different writers, a large part of whom had never before written for the magazine. He made this statement to show how unfounded is the belief that magazines are run by cliques.

—E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish in the fall a volume of purely literary essays by the late Phillips Brooks, under the title of "Essays and Addresses."

—The Walt Whitman Society, which is about to be incorporated, has a threefold aim: "The consolidation within a single organization of all persons who are interested in the life and work of Walt Whitman; the establishment of centres in different parts of the world, which shall bring together the lovers and admirers of Whitman, and which, by the maintenance of correspondence and the exchange of views, shall tend to close fraternal relations among the members of the Society; and the publication, from time to time, of Whitman literature and of such essays and other papers as may be deemed valuable in elucidation of Whitman's philosophy of life, or in exposition of his poetry and principles."

—The Cassell Pub. Co. will issue a paper-bound edition, limited to 50,000 copies, of "The Heavenly Twins." This house announces, also, "Wanted, a Copyist," a story of newspaper work, the legal profession, and the snares which Cupid sets for the feet of bachelors of both sexes.

—During the year which closed on March 31, the American Bible Society issued 1,039,960 Bibles in the United States, and 407,699 in foreign countries. The total receipts amounted to \$662,729.90, the disbursements to \$576,792.03.

The Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.

ANSWERS

1740.—Dr. Parsons's poem on Thackeray was printed in his privately printed volume of poems, issued in 1870, under the title of "The Old House at Sudbury." I have a copy of the book.

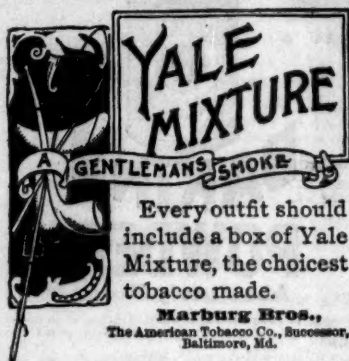
ALLSTON, MASS.

WALTER ROWLANDS.

Publications Received

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| Binet, A. The Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms. 25c. | Chicago: The Open Court Pub. Co. |
| Bradford, G. Congress and the Cabinet—II. 25c. | Phila.: Am. Acad. of Pol. and Social Science. |
| Carman, B. Low Tide on Grand Pr. Cambridge, Mass.: Stone & Kimball. | |
| Chaucer, G. Complete Works of. Ed. by W. W. Skeat. Vol. II. Boethius. Trollos. \$4. | Macmillan & Co. |
| De Mille, J. Cord and Creese. 60c. | Harper & Bros. |
| Douglas, J. Canadian Independence. 75c. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Dunn, G. Red Cap and Blue Jacket. \$1. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Gower, F. L. Letters of Harriet Countess Granville. 2 vols. \$9. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Gray, M. The Last Sentence. 50c. | Lovell, Coryell & Co. |
| Groomsmith, G. and W. Diary of a Nobody. 50c. | Lovell, Coryell & Co. |
| Hardinge, E. M. With the Wild Flowers. | The Baker & Taylor Co. |
| Hatfield, J. T. Der Rittmeister Von Alt-Rosen. 75c. | D. C. Heath & Co. |
| Jackson, J. Upright vs. Sloping Writing. 10c. | Wm. Beverley Harrison. |
| Joyce, F. W. Old Celtic Romances. 3s. 6d. | London: David Nutt. |
| Ledy, W. E. H. The Empire. 50c. | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Lounsbury, T. R. History of the English Language. \$1.25. | Henry Holt & Co. |

M— The Shen's Pigtail. 30c.
 Moffatt's New Schedule Drawing Test Cards. Standard V. 12. 6d.
 Rand, McNally & Co.'s Pocket Maps of Minnesota and South Dakota. 50c. each.
 Rhode Island School Reports. 1893.
 Ross, E. A. Total Utility Standard of Deferred Payments. 50c.
 G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Moffatt & Paige.
 Rand, McNally & Co. Providence, R. I.
 Stevens, O. C. A Song of Companies, and Other Poems. 8c.
 Warner, C. D. A Little Journey in the World. 75c.
 Wilkins, W. H., and Vivian, H. The Green Bay Tree. 50c.
 Wolf, A. The Truth about Beauty. 50c.
 Wolseley, Gen. Viscount. Life of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. 5 vols. \$10.
 Yeats, W. B. The Celtic Twilight. \$1.25.
 Holyoke, Mass.: H. C. Cady Printing Co.
 Harper & Bros.
 J. Selwin Tait & Sons.
 Lovell, Coryell & Co.
 Longmans, Green & Co.
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